

THE CRITIC

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The Lounger

M. JEAN JAURÈS, the author of "Studies in Socialism," is one of the most prominent socialists in Europe as well as one of the strongest personalities in French political life to-day. His personal organ, published in Paris, *L'Humanité*, contains an article a day signed by him, and expresses his policy in every department of life. M. Jaurès is an *intellectuel*. He graduated at the head of his class at the École Normale Supérieure, and has been twice Professor of Philosophy at Toulouse. During an interval of four years in his parliamentary career he wrote a history of the French Revolution that is said by some authorities to be based on a more careful study of original documents than any other history of the period. But it is as a political leader and orator that he is best known and most successful. He is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and his speeches are probably the most fiery and eloquent delivered before that body. This collection of his writings was made by Miss Mildred Minturn, of this city, who is the translator of the book.

The authorized biography of that delightful artist, Mr. Walter Crane, will soon appear with the title "Fifty Years of an Artist's Life." Among its attractions will be reproductions of a number of drawings by Mr. Crane

which have not heretofore been published. In the days of our youth Walter Crane, Kate Greenaway, and Ralph Caldecott added much sweetness to our lives. A new Caldecott book, a new Greenaway book, or a new Crane book did much to increase the joy of Christmas time. Now Caldecott is dead, Miss Greenaway is dead, but Crane still lives. Long may he wave!

Mr. Horace Thompson Carpenter has given me permission to publish this interesting letter concerning his recent trip to Italy:

While over in Italy with Mr. F. Marion Crawford recently working out some illustrations for one or two of this author's novels, it was my good fortune to be on more than one unusually interesting trip with this genial author. The last but not least delightful was a cruise on his schooner yacht "Alda," the transformed New York pilot boat which you will remember he navigated across the ocean himself.

At Gaeta, one of our harbor seeking points, we were ashore long enough to be whirled up a long wall-bound road behind one of those sturdy little Sardinian ponies, to that wonderful and impressive pile, the home of Cicero. Here, in a great field half-way up the mountain side, overlooking the beautiful bay and sea, surrounded by orange groves, towered the great massive, half-ruined structure. And here I snapped my little modern kodak which resulted in the accompanying photograph. It seemed very fitting that I should be able to get Mr.

Crawford and his youngest daughter, Miss Claire, just here. And particularly for this reason. Earlier in the season while in Rome, I had happily been taken by Mr. Crawford to the Colonna palace. Here I was turned loose, with free sketch book, in those beautifully frescoed halls. Vastly deep-set casement windows opened out upon the most charming of courtyards where tropical plants and trees and rare flowers surrounded a soul-inspiring fountain. And to the music of this plashing talisman (the music of falling water is the one accompaniment to which is written almost everything that comes from the pen of this author) what is likely to be one of the most interesting literary undertakings—in the world of Italian literature, was discussed and agreement entered into between the noted archaeologist, Professor Tommasato—who has had charge of the wonderful Colonna archives for many years—and Mr. Crawford. An agreement which can only be hinted at here, but which practically turns into Mr. Crawford's hands unused and undreamed of material of the greatest importance in the mediæval history of Italy which is to gradually develop into a tangible historical record that will be of inestimable value. You will doubtless say I am wandering from my first subject. But the connection is here. The final consummation of the agreement of this important work was postponed until a further conference, and that to be on board the yacht "Alda." And it was at Porto D'Anzio a day or two prior to our call at Gaeta that Professor Tommasato had boarded the "Alda," and the privileges and rights of the entire material of the Colonna archives much of which had been classified under Professor Tommasato's learned direction had been transferred to Mr. Crawford. Our dinner under the awning of the "Alda's" deck that evening served to perfection by an immaculately uniformed, well trained crew—for the splendid looking fellows of that particular crew are wonders whether as sailors or attendants—will not soon be forgotten. The jolly unending good humor of the archaeologist, the charming and accomplished daughter of the author—navigator, and the author himself a host such as one may find in his own inimitable Mr. Isaacs, the soft lapping of the ripples against the side of the boat, the sweet cadence of far away notes of the returning fishermen, the time, the setting, the occasion, all made it ideal. And so I think you will understand when I say that just after this resurrecting of long buried Colonna material—buried so far as the public was concerned—and the final signing of the bond, as it were, it seemed quite fitting to find the author of "Ava Roma Immortalis," "Salve Venetia," and a wealth of literature besides, before the Tomba di Cicerone in the quietness of the Gaeta hills and recording, so far as the camera may, a moment which seemed to the writer full of significance and

of more than ordinary interest. And I send you this thinking it will prove of interest to you and your CRITIC friends who, I know, are for the most part friends of Mr. Crawford.

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By the way, if Boston believes that Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fenollosa are "Sidney McCall," Boston has overshot the mark—for once. The true identity of "Sidney McCall" will, if the present plan is carried out, be revealed about next Christmas time. I have this on authority of one whose name you would recognize if I felt at liberty to mention it. The same person tells me that "The Breath of the Gods" has won much praise in the Orient, especially from members of the Japanese Parliament, who say that Hagonè is a wonderful and faithful portrayal of the old feudal daimyo. "I found this book a well-spring of joy, in contrast with the pseudo-Japanese stuff put forth of late years," writes an enthusiast from the West.

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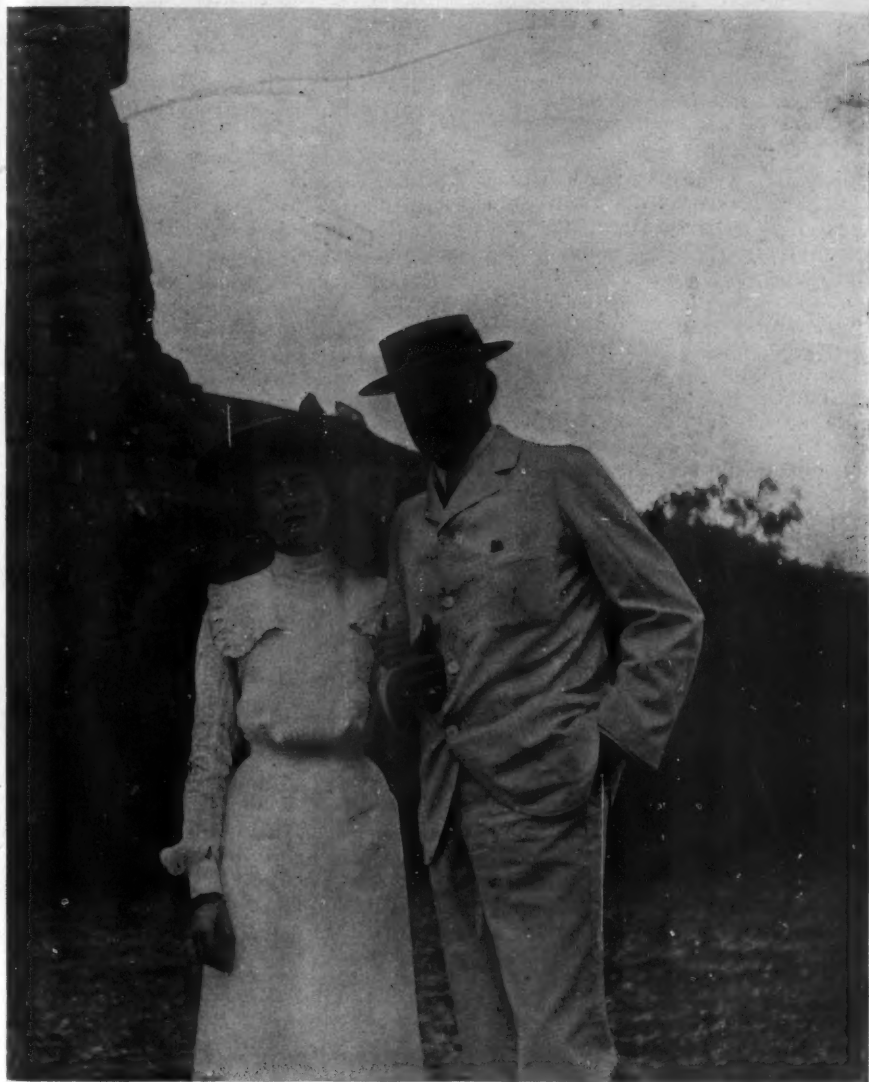
Professor Nevil Monroe Hopkins, who writes the complete novelette, "The Strange Case of Doctor North" for the *May Lippincott*, has done the world a greater service than that of amusing it with a detective story. He has invented a system for the preventing of the bursting of water-pipes by freezing. Prof. Hopkins's friends will not be recruited from the plumbing fraternity.

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A novel by Mr. Richard Whiteing, "Ring in the New," is out in England. Mr. Whiteing has been engaged on the story for two years. The scene is laid mainly in London. Mr. Whiteing's best-known book is "No. 5 John Street," which attracted general attention here and in England.

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The London *Academy* accuses Mr. W. S. Harwood of having coined a new word—Burbankitis—and enters a protest against his gushing tone in writing about his hero's "New Creations in Plant Life." The saying, "Save us



F. M. CRAWFORD AND DAUGHTER.

from our friends," is as true as it is old. I wonder how Mr. Burbank enjoyed reading this paragraph:

He counts no day completed in which he has not said a cheery good morning to his aged mother, now faring near the century line, looked after her with the utmost devotion during all its hours, and tenderly kissed her good night at the going down of the sun.

Has it anything to do with "New Creations in Plant Life" that the new creator gives his aged mother a "cheery good-morning" and "kisses her tenderly at the going down of the sun"? Mr. Burbank is doing great things in horticulture, but many of them have yet to be proved. Mr. Harwood has just published a book partly on Mr. Burbank called "The New Earth," the title of which explains itself. Mr. Harwood, who, by the way, has contributed a number of entertaining articles to the pages of this magazine, is the Boswell of Mr. Burbank. Everything that the latter does is to be told to the world by this writer, the horticulturist himself being the man with the hoe rather than the man with the pen.

Mme. Nasimoff, the Russian actress, who has been so much admired by the discriminating since her sojourn in this country, is studying English with a view to appearing on the American stage. Mme. Nasimoff has already made good progress, and by the beginning of the new year, if not sooner, I will venture to say that her English will be almost free of foreign accent. The manager who secures this actress as one of his stars will have reason to be congratulated. Mme. Nasimoff has not only great charm and magnetism but she is a rare artist. She is a very young woman, being still in her early twenties. I do not know a word of Russian, but I did know the plot of "The Abyss," in which she has one of her strongest parts, and I could follow the story and the action sufficiently well not to lose the meaning of an expression or a gesture. It was a wonderful performance, and not only is the manager who secures Mme. Nasimoff to be

congratulated, but the entire theatre, going public may congratulate itself upon the acquisition of this gifted young woman for our stage.

From time to time I have printed in this column some of the criticisms of school-boys and girls on the authors whom they have been reading. I find in *The Sun* a number of criticisms made by school-boys in old Greenwich village, a section of this city, which are most interesting not only for the point of view but the manner of expression:

"Once there was a Jew who lived in Venice. He was a mean, hard hearted man what never lend money without taking great interest off. Antonio went to Shylock one day and asked him for the lend of 3,000 ducats."

Another Shakespeare student lapses into biography:—

"William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564. He received his knowledge and learnment at the free grammar school of Stratford. He has written many plays and published them in different languages. After his marriage he became a great actor in London and received 200 lbs. a week."

Mr. Frank Richardson, whose portrait is here reproduced, has written a number of books, but nothing more amusing than "The Secret Kingdom," which is really a humorous satire on contemporary novelists rather than a mere novel. England calls him one of her cleverest young novelists, and I think there can be no doubt on this subject. "He seems to find time," says *The Tattler*, "in the intervals of his strenuous life as a social butterfly and a genial clubman to write about two novels a year." The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady is not much more prolific than this.

Miss Ruth St. Denis, over the stage name of "Rhada," has danced herself into success. She began in vaudeville and worked up to drawing-rooms. "Society" is pleased to indorse her, and she has now gone to England where it is said that the aristocracy is waiting to throw its drawing-rooms



§ MR. LUTHER BURBANK
(The Plant Wizard)



MISS ST. DENIS - "RHADA"
The Indian Dancer

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open to her. Miss St. Denis has undoubtedly hit upon a novelty in the way of dancing. Not only are her poses marvellous, but her illusions are equally marvellous. In her famous "Cobra" dance, with her jewelled fingers she makes one think that the snakes are there writhing and twisting before one's eyes; but they are no more real snakes than are those that are said to have haunted the dreams of Edgar Allan Poe.



The publishers of "The Lady of the Decoration" are disturbed because the rumor has gone forth that the name of the author of the story is a household word. They tell me that while they hope that the name of "Frances Little" may become famous, and have certain reasons for believing that it will, it is not so now, for this is her first work. The letters are bona-fide and were written to a lady in the West, whose name is a household word, and who advised the writer of them to weave in a bit of plot and let her offer the book to the Century Company. This was done, and the book was quickly accepted, but it was not written by the author who offered it for publication. The book is attracting attention in London already.



Miss Jane E. Duncan, a strenuous Scotchwoman, has penetrated the wilds of Thibet, and written a description of her journeyings. Miss Duncan is a traveller and not a sportswoman. Sports-women she says are not liked by sportsmen, and are the cause of much strong language among sportsmen in Thibet, and in the plains indignant remarks are made about globe-trotting women shooting animals that men, living all their lives in India, have never so much as seen. If they do not kill anything, they are accused of shooting wild and disturbing the game to no purpose; if they get some heads the men are furiously jealous and say the shikari has shot them, or imposed upon them in some way.

The hero of "Frank Danby's" new novel, "The Sphinx's Lawyer," has ideas of his own as to man's evening dress:

The pearls in his shirt-front were black, the buttons of his waistcoat were of the most delicate workmanship, serpentine in diamonds around blue enamel, his sleeve-links were pink pearls set *à jour*.

A little later on she says:

The expanse of white shirt with its be-gemmed studs, the double-breasted white waistcoat, with its jewelled buttons, accentuating his remarkable personality.

"Frank Danby" knows that this is not "correct style," or I suppose that she does, for while women are no better at describing men's dress than men are in describing the clothes that women wear, this would be a little too unconventional.



"All for the Love of a Lady," Elinor Macartney Lane's new book, is a romance of Scotland in feudal days. Its heroes are two little boys, of bellicose dispositions, but their chivalrous devotion to the heroine shows them to be true knights at heart. The tale, though considerably shorter, is said to be quite as charmingly told as the author's other great success, "Nancy Stair." Mrs. Lane has made a dramatization of the story, which will make a pretty play. She is now in North Carolina, where she has been working all the winter on a new novel.



Mrs. Kenneth-Brown, who was Miss Demetra Vaka, a Greek, has just completed a novel of Greek and Turkish life that is said to be as unusual in plot as it is in its characters. There are few persons with Mrs. Kenneth - Brown's knowledge of the inside life of Greece and Turkey, who have her command of English. Before her marriage she was a teacher of French in a fashionable New York boarding-school. Now she is living on her husband's estate in Virginia.



"Sandy from the Sierras" is the title of a new story by Mr. Richard Barry,

author of "Port Arthur," which was, if I mistake not, the first volume published by the young firm of Moffat, Yard & Company. "Port Arthur" was an account of the recent great siege. The new book is a novel with the scene laid in San Francisco, where the author is now writing up the earthquake and the conditions that it has caused.

I spoke some time ago of husbands and wives who are writers. Among those that I did not mention, but should have, are Mr. and Mrs. Cale Young Rice. Mrs. Rice, as is well-known, is the author of "Mrs. Wiggs," "Lovey Mary," etc. She was Miss Hegan when she wrote "Mrs. Wiggs," Mrs. Rice when she wrote "Lovey Mary." Mr. Rice is a poet. He writes dramatic verse, which has been complimented not only by poets but by actors. Mrs. Fiske finds some of it superior, poetically and dramatically, to Stephen Phillips's work; while Mr. Richard Mansfield has been greatly impressed with Mr. Rice's play, "David," and "derived a sense of personal encouragement from the evidence of so fine and lofty a product for the stage." Speaking of Mr. Mansfield, that actor has a most interesting article in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on "Man and the Actor." It is the study of the meaning of an actor's life and the existing conditions of the American stage. Mr. Mansfield is as clever a writer as he is an actor. His writing is not always confined to essays. I recall with pleasure a most charming book for grown-up children called "Blown Away: a Nonsense Book."

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has for a time turned his back upon the fishing port of Marion, Mass., to become a farmer in this State. The writing of plays makes it necessary for him to be nearer New York, so that he bought a farm not many miles from the rush and roar of the town; but it is far enough away to be peaceful and quiet, and yet near enough for Mr. Davis's many

friends to drop in upon him for weekends. In the group before us we have Mr. Davis, his brother, Mr. Charles Belmont Davis, Mr. Melville E. Stone, late of the firm of H. S. Stone & Company, now with the *Associated Sunday Magazines*, a newspaper syndicate supplement issued from this city, and Mr. Peter Finley Dunne, known to the world as "Mr. Dooley."

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "The Galloper" will be published in book form during the summer with some other of his plays.

It is interesting news that Mr. Ripley Hitchcock has resigned his connection with Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Company to become associated with Messrs. Harper & Brothers. If Mr. Hitchcock does as well by Messrs. Harper as he has by the two other houses of which he has been an important factor, the Franklin Square firm is to be congratulated. Mr. Hitchcock not only knows how to suggest books, but he knows a good manuscript when he sees it, as was proved by his quick acceptance of "David Harum." This manuscript covered some eight hundred or a thousand forbidding pages. Though mostly typewritten, it was interlined and rewritten, and anything but attractive to a publisher's reader. Mr. Hitchcock, however, pegged away at it and induced the author to cut it down and polish it up; and the result was a fortune to every one concerned. It will be remembered that Mr. Hitchcock made the dramatization of the novel, which was played with such great success by Mr. W. H. Crane.

This admirable sculptured likeness of Mr. Booker T. Washington was made for the Tuskegee School by Miss Leila Usher. Miss Usher has done an excellent piece of work. To be sure she had a good subject, but that is not everything. In another picture we see the artist at work upon another bust, in which, although the face is turned away from us, we recog-



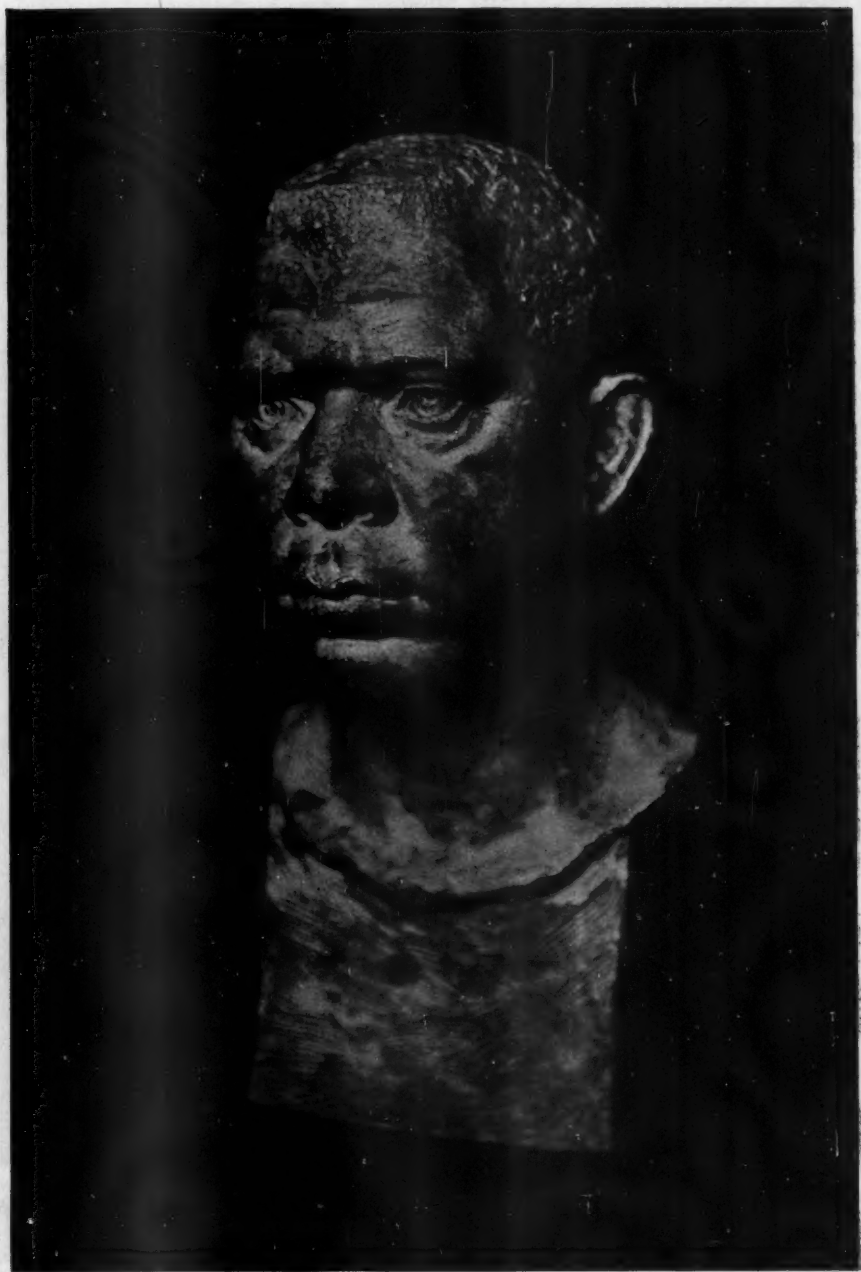
MR. MELVILLE E. STONE

MR. C. B. DAVIS

MR. R. H. DAVIS

MR. P. F. DUNNE

THE DOOR-STEP AT MR. R. H. DAVIS'S FARM, MT. KISCO, N. Y.



BUST OF MR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON
By Miss Lella Usher



MISS LELIA USHER

nize the beard of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, associate editor of the *Century Magazine*.

A biographical edition of Stevenson's writings, the one to which the author's widow has contributed most interesting introductions, somewhat in the manner of the biographical edition of Thackeray, will soon be published in England. One would suppose that this edition would have been published in England simultaneously with the edition published in this country by Messrs. Scribner; but this has not been the case, for it is only now that England is talking about its publication in that country. It is not, however, as though England had no edition of Stevenson. There are many of them, none more delightful to the eye than the Edinburgh Edition, of which only a limited number was published. Still another is announced with introductions by Mr. Gosse.

I read in a London paper that "the American Mr. Winston Churchill has written a play which has been successfully produced in New York. It is called 'The Title Mart,' and it is about to be issued here as a volume." This is all true except the "successfully produced." I fancy that if Mr. Churchill was interviewed on this subject he would not speak of the production as a successful one.

Those who always imagined the late Walter Pater to be a stern and severe person, much above frivolity of any kind, will be surprised when they read Mr. A. C. Benson's monograph on him in the English Men of Letters Series. Mr. Benson tells us that far from being a man of "strained and affected solemnity," Pater loved easy talk and simple laughter. Nothing amused Mr. Pater more than the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and he is said to have laughed till his sides ached over "Ruddigore," and, later, Mr. Pinero's "Magistrate."

The London publishers' advertisements are big with the announcements of American books. Among those that are attracting most attention on the other side of the water are "Lady Baltimore" and Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Latter-Day Sweethearts." It is not only American fiction that England is enjoying, for I notice an announcement of sets of Emerson's Essays by two publishers, and a volume of Mr. Bliss Carman's Poems, together with one of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's out-of-door books. But Mr. Roberts and Mr. Carman are only half American. They are, if I am rightly informed, Canadians by birth and education.

The interesting announcement is made that Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" is to be performed upon the stage in London during the present month. There is a good deal that is dramatic in Swinburne's writings, and I have often wondered that some of them have not been adapted for stage purposes. We have had Browning and Tennyson and Longfellow on the stage, but never Swinburne, as far as I know.

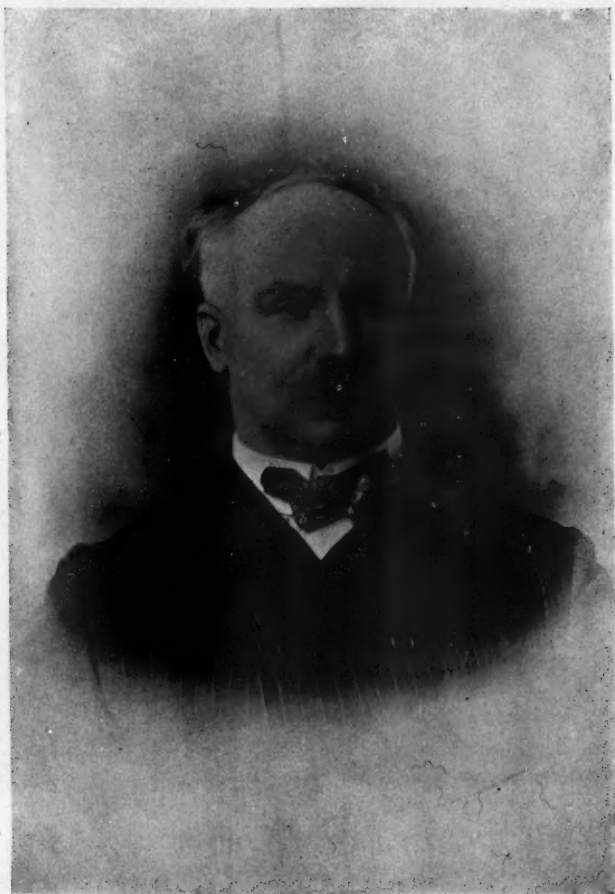
Miss Agnes C. Laut, the author of "Lords of the North" and several other exciting stories of the northwest, has just returned from England, where she has made some very remarkable discoveries along her line of research. It would not be fair for me to say just what these discoveries are, but I betray no confidence in saying that she has found chests full of manuscripts that are priceless for her purposes. Miss Laut expects to go back to this new historical gold mine in the course of a few weeks. The results of the more important of her researches will be made known through the pages of *Harper's Magazine*.

It is announced that "A Magdalen's Husband," by Mr. Vincent Brown, will soon be seen on the stage with



MISS ELLEN TERRY

Whose fifty years on the stage has just been celebrated
with great enthusiasm in England
From her latest photograph



MR. VINCENT BROWN

Mrs. Leslie Carter as the Magdalen. The author and Mr. Belasco are making the play, I understand. A new novel by Mr. Brown is just issued. It is called "The Sacred Cup," and there is undoubtedly a play in this story also. It is, however, a man's part. Now that Mr. Brown has a taste of the excitement and profit of play-writing, he will probably adapt all his stories for the stage. He is fortunate if he can do it himself. There are not many authors who can write stories and plays as well. Mr. Richard Harding Davis is one of the exceptions to the rule.

Miss May Sinclair, author of the "Divine Fire," says that she thinks in the country and works in the city. Before she began to write novels, nine years ago, Miss Sinclair wrote verse and philosophic criticisms. She is a student of the Greek classics, and of Elizabethan literature, with fiction for a pastime. Her favorite novelists are Balzac, Meredith Turguéneff, Thackeray, Henry James and George Gissing.



An édition de luxe of that rarely fascinating book, the Autobiography of

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Benvenuto Cellini, is published by L. C. Page & Co. Cellini was one of the foremost artists of his day, winning equal success as a goldsmith, an engraver, and a sculptor. Because of a dueling affair early in his life, he was obliged to fly from Florence to Rome, where he did much work for Pope Clement VI. Later he went to Paris and executed several commissions for Francis I. Catherine de Medicis was also one of his patrons. His autobiography is one of the frankest of books, as his life was one of the busiest and the gayest.



When Mr. Andrew Carnegie was on his recent tour in Ohio and Canada, gathering up several additional doctorates and making some excellent speeches, he spent a day at Kenyon College, of which he promptly became "the youngest alumnus." A feature of the occasion at Kenyon was the singing of the undergraduates at the banquet. Among other impromptu songs in honor of their guest there was sung, with great effect,

A BALLAD OF ANDREW

When Andrew was a little lad
He had no books to read,
And so he built a library
His intellect to feed.
Whene'er he saw a useful book
Says he, "I will put that in";
And German, French, and Scots he took
But nary Greek nor Latin.

So diligent a lad, I fear,
Will not be seen again;
He labored fourteen hours a day,
And read the other ten.
But when his money all was spent,
Says he, "So poor I feel,

There 's nothing left for me to do
But make a little steel."

Then everybody bought his steel
And paid him such a price
That Andrew was a millionaire
In just about a trice.
But now he felt a fearful fear
That rose to such a pitch
It haunted him by day and night—
The fear of dying rich.

He did not want the charge to stand
On the eternal docket
That A. Carnegie had expired
With money in his pocket.
Says he, "To keep from such a fate
I'll alter my char-ac-ter:
I'll leave off making steel, and be
Henceforth a benefactor."

In theologic zeal he gave
An organ to a church,
And then endowed an "Institute
Of Biblical Research."
He saw that college profs die poor
In spite of their endeavor;
He filled their pockets up with cash
And now they'll live forever.

He saw that we Americans
In courage are but zeros;
He spent ten million dollars to
Transform us into heroes.
He saw we could n't spell. Says he
While tears his eyes did fill,
"Spell just as badly as you please,
And I will pay the bill."

What things are lovely, true, and pure,
Of good report and right,
On these our Andrew thinks, and these
He helps with all his might.
So here's to Andrew Carnegie,
And when he's called above,
He may go poor in pocket, but
He will go rich in love.

The Illustrations that Do Not Illustrate

More than once THE LOUNGER has called attention to illustrations in novels that do not illustrate. Within a few days of each other I have received three communications on the subject. Here is the first:

It is a fact patent to all that artists in general and particular have a supreme disregard for the text in the matter which they illustrate. I believe this fact has been touched upon at various times, but it seems to me that writers and publishers should rise *en masse*, and demand adherence to the text. A departure from it is careless, inartistic, and often ludicrous. Also, it is inexcusable—at least to one of the laity. I know that artists are privileged beings, that they are supposed to possess attributes which would blast a common mortal, and move in an atmosphere of rarefied ether and dreamy eyes: that they are often worshipped by women and looked at askance by men. And yet, beneath all their glamour and highmighiness, they are nothing but poor, puny mortals like the rest of us. They eat, and sleep, and wear clothes, and get sick, and have the doctor. Then why should they be given the right of way above their fellow artisans who labor with letters and words? Let a poor author use an adjective incorrectly, or dare to change the color of his heroine's eyes (and we all know there are eyes which *do* change color) and such a torrent of ridicule, opprobrium, and irony will flow upon his defenceless head that he will almost vow never to put pen to paper again. But in this very book where such a slip as we have mentioned may inadvertently creep in, we behold some illustrations, exquisitely done, and reproduced with commendable faithfulness, but entirely inconsistent with the story which they aim to picture. We look upon the drawing as a work of art purely, and admire its conception, its execution, its graceful and harmonious lines. But when we glance at the words beneath the picture and read "She lowered her parasol and turned towards him haughtily," then raise our eyes a few inches and gaze upon a vision of feminine loveliness with a knight of society kneeling humbly at her feet tying her boot—then we are apt to swear softly (if we be men) and call the artist an ugly name.

There is sufficient provocation. If it is carelessness, there is no excuse, for there can be no compromise between art of any kind and slipshod methods. If it is callous indifference to the universal fitness of things—a presumptuous reliance upon the faulty prerogative assumed by the profession, there is still no excuse. The practice should be discouraged and discountenanced. For instead of

making a beautiful whole from the conjunction of pen and brush, a result which we have a perfect right to expect, behold! we have two separate and distinct things well done in themselves, but ruthlessly joined together without regard to the niceties of detail which is the sign manual and hall-mark of all greatness.

Whatever the cause, for mercy's sake let it be removed! It would be entirely superfluous for me to cite examples to illustrate my point. Simply turn to the book or magazine you were reading last night, and you will in all probability find that your hero is wearing a straw hat instead of a derby; that your heroine is in a carriage when she should be on horseback, and that the wrecked automobile has bumped into a tree instead of a stone wall. And in the corner at the foot of the picture you'll find a name you can't make out, but it may represent some big artist.

We want pictures to our stories and books; you, and I, and almost everybody. I regret to add that no doubt there are some who don't care a snap whether the girl of the plot is dancing when the author humbly suggested that she was boating, or not. In the furious rush of this good day of grace there are some who don't have time to look closely. They fling a quick glance at the picture and plunge again into the story. But there are others of us who are lazy, and who like for things to be rational and right. Especially when it is just as easy for the facile brush to produce a golfing costume as it is an evening one. So we of the cult of the leather chair wonder where on earth the man who made that picture got his authority for an attitude or an item of dress of which the innocent writer of the tale never dreamed. We don't know; I warrant the author don't; I suppose the artist would stare at you for an upstart if you were to ask him.

Let's have a reformation. Let the writers who write and the publishers who publish insist that the artist be consistent with the material entrusted to him to picture—and he will! That's where his living comes from.

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

Here is the second. It comes from San Francisco:

The ineptitudes of so called illustrations have become so common that every one expects them—even in the "best sellers." But it seems to a more or less constant reader of these magazines that the portrait picture by Mr. Albert Sterner in the January *Century* of Mme. de Pastourelles in Mrs. Ward's story is the most flagrant and irritating of any.

One of the most intelligent and capable of living novelists spends almost a page of delightful descrip-

tion of the portrait—superbly dressed in marvellous white velvet and sables—of a complex and exquisite woman. The painter and his model are alone in his studio with the exception of a mild duenna knitting in a corner. And the illustrator gives us simply the Kitty of Mrs. Ward's last story a trifle larger and longer, with the same pose and a gown more suitable for one's room than the creation in which Mrs. Ward tells us the lady was dressed. He places somebody else in the picture though the text plainly tells us that the two men came in after the sitting was over.

If illustrations in the best magazines are to be no better than the Sunday supplements—and by heaven they are often much worse—such carelessness as this might pass along with so much other of the kind. But here was an opportunity to do a really splendid bit of work. The story deals with painting and painters and here was a chance to create a real portrait such as it was supposed the artist of the story had done—something that made all his critics sit up and wonder who this country man was that could paint like that. If your gentle readers will compare the text and the picture they will become at once as ungente as the undersigned and we may bye and bye be able to demand better things—even of Mr. Sterner.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

The third comes in the form of verse:

Without doubt, she was slender and queenly—
That's here, in plain print—and the white
Flower-face that looked down, so serenely,
When the prince told his passion, that night.
The artist's conception should fit, like—
(Where's the cut? Frontispiece—and unsigned)
Oh, dear! This is not the least bit like
I'd pictured her out in my mind.

And the hero (a man with a gnawing
Remorse for—oh, ages!—of sin)
Here he looms, in a misty wash-drawing—
Smooth-shaved and (of course) with cleft chin.
He'd a beard (from the first I divined this)
And some years, any body could see,
But the fatuous dolt who designed this
Libel "opp. page 53."

Her mother—a pleasant old lady—
Shows up here like a girl of eighteen;
And the woman whose past was so shady
Looks as some youthful saint might, I ween;
The uncle is limned, tall, and courtly,
When he should have been made short and fat.

(The text? Well, it says he was "portly")
—Anyway, he did not look like that.

Here's the hero again—with eye-glasses;
No, I'm wrong—that's his father; and this
Is a mountainous matron, who passes
(In half-tone) for the pert little Miss.
I would n't, for one, be caught trusting
This rector (vignette) with a pin,
While the villain (it's simply disgusting)
Is another young boy with a chin.

I declare, such obtuseness seems wilful—
And yet, I suppose, it can't be.
What a pity, a pencil so skilful
Should utterly lack sympathy!
Who's the writer? Let's see... "Trite Temptations
By Dane Harding." (Old English—red ink)
And—what's this? "*With Sixteen Illustrations
By the Author.*"... Well, what—do—you—think!

FRANK PRESTON SMART.

On the top of all this comes the publishers' side of the story in the form of a printed note from Messrs. Harper:

The recent exhibition in New York of Albert Sterner's drawings, including the originals for "The Marriage of William Ashe" serves to call to mind some of the obstacles that may confront an artist. When Mr. Sterner undertook the commission to illustrate Mrs. Ward's novel, he was living in Munich, where he found great difficulty in securing good English models. A long and tiresome search revealed one man who consented to pose for a short time. Mr. Sterner thus obtained one drawing of "William Ashe," and then had a life-size plaster bust of the man made, which he used as model for the remainder of the series. Then rows upon rows of stout and rosy German maidens were passed in review before the artist in the vain hope of discovering a suitable original for the sprightly "Lady Kitty"; but at last Mr. Sterner was forced to betake himself to London to find the slender girl with the oval face and dark eyes now familiar to us as "Lady Kitty." For a time Mr. Sterner occupied Mrs. Ward's beautiful country house, in daily consultation with the author, discussing, altering, and amending; but his endeavor is more than justified by the result, for his illustrations for the novel really illustrate a quality in pictorial work that is, unfortunately, very rare.

Mr. Sterner's pictures are so good, so much more than mere illustrations why should one care whether they illustrate or not!

The Minor Crimes*

By MRS. JOHN LANE

It has always seemed to me that it is not the great scoundrels who make the world so very annoying and unsafe, but, rather, the well-meaning but dangerous criminals of the minor crimes, some of the worst of whom are probably lurking in the very bosom of one's otherwise blameless family. Sometimes I actually think that a good many gentlemen languishing in penitentiaries and expiating a single crime are not half so objectionable as those worthy and respected citizens who can look a policeman in the eye without trembling, and yet who commit those awful crimes for which an innocent and unsuspecting criminal code has, in its guilelessness, decreed no punishment.

An umbrella or a cane have within them potentialities for evil which are perfectly appalling. Many a worthy gentleman who goes to church on Sundays accompanied by his umbrella, and offers up a silent prayer into the lining of his hat as he stands at the head of his pew, is really a menace to the public, for as he files out, after having just requested to have his sins forgiven him, he is more likely than not to carry that umbrella across his shoulder, or high under his arm, where the point endangers the eyesight of his fellow-man; or he drags it in such a way that unwary sinners trip over it and make remarks that are distinctly out of place in the sanctuary.

Yes, umbrellas and canes are among the most dangerous of modern weapons. More harm is done by umbrellas poking and maiming mankind than by the deadliest ammunition known in warfare. In view of this, one would like to suggest modestly to the War Office that a regiment equipped with umbrellas to be hoisted in the midst of an unsuspecting enemy, would do untold damage. Also regiments armed with sticks carried over the shoulder and playfully twiddled, would cause an

amount of destruction compared to which a Maxim gun, no matter how lively, but laboring under the disadvantage of being miles off, would n't be in it. Even in private life there is nothing so destructive as an umbrella, especially in the irresponsible grasp of a woman. The umbrella seems to be endowed with a sentient existence all its own, and its gambols, when not fatal, are of a most painful playfulness. Really, the owners of some umbrellas deserve a long sentence with hard labor much more than many an erring man whose crime has been possibly more ostentatious but less subtle.

Another very dangerous instrument for the annihilation of the human race is the fruit peel irresponsible citizens of all ages and classes scatter over the pavement. I don't see my way to utilize this danger in warfare—though that may be trustfully left to our warlords,—but one can study samples of the fatal effects when a bit of peel—the kind of fruit is really immaterial—invites the unwary to sit upon the pavement with appalling suddenness, upon which the earth is strewn with miscellaneous property characteristic of the unwary, such as muffs, sticks, umbrellas, bowler hats, the daily paper, that last sweet ballad "Let me kiss him for his mother," a pair of spectacles, a batch of laundry done up to look like a brief, and two kippers that emerge bashfully out of a brown-paper parcel. What martyr to a bit of peel has not felt the immortal stars detached from heaven to find a temporary resting-place in his head! I consider an infant with an orange, with all that means of danger, as more menacing to the public peace than a turmoil of mistaken but well-meaning anarchists in Trafalgar Square, who merely talk about bombs. Talk about bombs! Why, what bomb is so dangerous as the irresponsible peel of an orange!

Another terrible instrument of the

* Copyright in the United States, 1906, by ANNIE E. LANE.

minor crimes is music. Music is an awful weapon in the hands of minor criminals next-door, or in flats. I once lived near a villain who tried to play the French horn; a French horn is a brass instrument with an independent will of its own. You blow in one thing, and the chances are that it will come out something quite different. For six months he practised playing "She never told her love" from 9.30 P. M. until midnight. If she had only lived up to it! Finally the cruel instrument moved; but now the very sight of a French horn in an orchestra makes me quail! A piano is another frightful instrument of torture. I always feel rather sorry for the Inquisition that it missed this magnificent opportunity for directing a fearful weapon against the defenceless and the oppressed. The most hardened heretic, after having the C major scale with variations, and other five-finger exercises decorated with false notes, drummed into his ears by an innocent child next-door for days and nights, will be glad and happy to confess to anything, if only to escape with a remnant of reason. If the Inquisition could only have known!

Pianos in hotel parlors are another scourge. The medium of torture is usually a travelling infant plumped before the keys to keep it quiet while "Mother" refreshes her intellect with fashion papers six months old. Or an elderly maiden lady wanders in, who claws mid-Victorian melodies out of the key-board with stiff and feeble fingers. Then there are always one or two girls in the latest thing in hair-fluffs, who bolt in and make a bee-line for the piano and bang away at the latest Gaiety tunes till the windows rattle, and an elderly man in a corner, who is taking a nap behind the illustrated paper, rises in wrath and ostentatiously scowls his way out. Yes, music is the cruelest of the fine arts, and ought to be chained and padlocked and not turned loose on a long-suffering public under pain of instant death.

Connected with music there is another dangerous criminal, and that is the amateur musical critic. He is always armed with the score, and he

labors under the delusion that the audience is stone-deaf. He is a trial to the sufferers about him! Glare at him with double-distilled venom and he remains quite unmoved. He is always accompanied by a kindred soul with long hair that has an inward curl, and he wears the necktie of genius, which is soft. There is nothing I so loathe as a score! The pages are always turned so that the rattle comes in with the *pianissimo*, just when the conductor stands on the tips of his toes and broods over the orchestra as if ready for flight.

The amateur critic despises people who cannot follow a score, and sometimes he commits murder with his eye if some innocent victim ventures to whisper. But he does not hesitate to talk pretty loud himself. But he has the divine right because he has the score. At ardent climaxes he kindly hums the melody, and when the orchestra has perpetrated the last crash, he bursts into perfect ecstasies of abuse, because there's no sense in praising anything; for that only shows you don't know.

All critics are very awful people, because one never knows when one's own turn may come; but on studying the theatrical critic one observes that he, too, labors under the fond delusion that the audience is deaf, or if it is n't deaf, that it has come to hear a running commentary on the play and the players, who are referred to by their private names. So it is a little discouraging when one has paid for one's seat, and one's soul is bathed in illusion, to hear Polydorus the brave, who is on the point of rescuing the Christian martyr in white cashmere from the lions in the arena, referred to as Podkins; Podkins being his name in private life. Nor is it convincing to have a *sotto-voce* synopsis of the Christian martyr's rather giddy private life as an accompaniment to her sufferings on the stage. I cannot help thinking that if the critics had to pay for their seats as we humble sufferers do, they would approach the Drama with more respect.

Did you ever sit behind the kind man who has taken a deaf friend to the theatre and obligingly repeats titbits

of the speeches to him as well as a running description of the plot? It is particularly discouraging for the surrounding sufferers when the deaf gentleman, who has but a vague idea of the story, mistakes the tragedy for a comedy!

Among others there are what may be called the silent crimes. Reading-rooms at Clubs are the scenes of some of the most awful of these. What is it in newspapers that exercises such an unholy effect on otherwise blameless and honest gentlemen who, away from their baleful influence, could not be induced to possess themselves dishonestly of a penny? But study them in the Club reading-room and see them make a dive for all the newspapers within reach! Trembling with eagerness and cupidity, they collect them in a mountainous pile—leaving out only one, always the most popular of the illustrated—and upon these they sit; whereupon, with the illustrated one as a screen, they sleep the sleep of the unjust, which in this erring world is always very peaceful and sound. Brother clubmen venture within the radius of their snores, and glare, but it is the unwritten etiquette of Clubs that what you sit on becomes yours by a kind of divine right. No, newspapers are not constructed only for a diffusion of knowledge.

Perhaps of the entire human anatomy nothing is more admirably adapted for crime than elbows. It is amazing the execution that can be done by a judicious use of these usually sharp instruments of destruction. They are conceded to be an essentially feminine weapon: and yet I have seen them used with great success by men. I, myself, have had the honor to come in violent contact with the elbows of a great dignitary of the Church, when we were both making for the same railway carriage of a special train—the object being a garden party. I always acknowledge the divine supremacy of man, and I did so again as he plunged victoriously into the only vacant seat and gave me, in parting—as I stood lost on the platform—the heavenly benediction of his smile.

The prevailing characteristic of the age is undoubtedly bashfulness. Who has not seen a weak but determined woman triumphantly hold a bashful humanity at bay while she kept three vacant seats in a crowded hall for belated friends? Nobody ventures to take those empty chairs she has appropriated by a right sacred to herself. The world passes furiously but shyly by, and leaves the gentle pirate triumphant.

Then, who has not met that traveling criminal, also the foe of the bashful, who, armed with kit-bags, hold-alls, dressing-case, shawl straps, and those brown-paper parcels so characteristic of the British traveller, plumps them in three of the corners of the only empty railway carriage of a popular train, and himself into the fourth, and so buried behind the genial shelter of a newspaper, permits other harassed travellers to look wildly in, but, on being confronted by seats so obviously reserved, tear madly on, vanquished though unconvinced. The experienced traveller behind his paper has then the joy of seeing them race up and down the platform in a flight of frenzy, or cling to the harassed guard, who has a shilling in his pocket for which he could not conscientiously account to the railway company.

Then, too, some of the most dangerous weapons for the perpetration of the minor crimes are children. I remember with terror a small boy of eight whose laudable ambition in life was, of course, to be a pirate.

But to become a pirate a pistol is indispensable, and so his fond parents procured for him a revolver. I was visiting at their country place when it arrived, in company with a stock of cartridges. The next morning the dear child came down to breakfast with the weapon of destruction loaded to the muzzle and hanging from his neck by a string. I nearly fainted over my bacon and eggs.

"He'll kill somebody, sure," I prophesied, "and I won't stay here a moment if he is going to wear that dreadful thing as a necklace."

So, after much coaxing from his

proud father, the young pirate was persuaded to temporarily divest himself of his weapon and to lay it on the table beside his porridge. He bolted his breakfast and flew off with the warwhoop of an Indian chief, and made the landscape so unsafe with his ammunition that I took the earliest afternoon train back to my quiet home.

"You are such an old maid," my friend said scornfully as we parted, "no wonder children don't appeal to you." "It isn't that, dear girl," I said, conscious of a want of heroism, "but I should be mortified to death to be killed by a little boy."

In this connection I cannot overlook the terrible danger, also, of unloaded weapons. It is always the unloaded weapon which, pointed playfully at you, immediately blows your head off. Not the other person's, but yours. I never can reconcile myself to the result. But retribution is a funny thing, and I find it is usually meted out to the innocent. One would like to advocate the use of unloaded weapons in warfare. The effect would be so deadly.

To return to the irresponsible young as destroyers. Have you ever had a small child of inquiring mind come to spend the day, in company of a dotting mother who is so old a friend that she asks the price of everything, and feels quite at home? After some study I have come to the conclusion that the direct way to a child's brain is *via* his tongue. At any rate, before that dear child left for home he had licked everything in my possession. What he could n't get into his mouth he sampled. I have a sacred collection of Old English glass which stands about on things, and I always dust it myself for fear, but before the child had left he had licked the whole collection, and when I feebly remonstrated my friend said I was selfish. And when he smashed my pet Jacobite glass—the gem of the whole and worth pounds—she was quite indifferent, and said she knew I had picked it up outside a rag-shop for sixpence, and she'd much rather give me a shilling for it than have me frighten the little innocent by looking so cross.

Another sinister weapon most dangerous to society is a door. A heavy door slammed with an accelerated impetus can do any amount of damage to the innocent coming behind. Every door has its own private and pet danger, but to get the best results open it as far as it will go, don't look back, and just let it slam for all it is worth. The result is always successful, for you are sure to hit somebody. Why, the other day a light-hearted slammer broke an innocent nose that was following on behind. One is conscious of a want of discrimination in the decrees of fate, or it wouldn't have been that blameless nose that was so sacrificed. Swearing is a great safety-valve for the passions, and it is less reprehensible than murder, though there are occasions when a little judicious murder might really be overlooked.

Some of the most terrible of the silent crimes are committed by the Casual. The criminal proclivities of the Casual are amazing, and what makes it all the worse is that the Casual are usually so very amiable; but that is probably due to their leaving all the unpleasant emotions to others. Still, one of their engaging peculiarities is that they do hate having anybody else casual to them. On the same principle, probably, that one can contemplate the sufferings of one's friends with great fortitude, though one has a distinct aversion to suffering oneself. It is also interesting to note that the Casual are called by different names according to the society in which they move. In the lowest class, where people still show their feelings, they are called rude, but as they ascend in the social scale they are not called rude, but just casual, which is really the same thing only it sounds more refined.

Of course, it is n't the great who are casual, but the imitation great. The Casual are always unpunctual. When a man begins to feel his greatness sprout, he realizes that it is due to his dignity always to come late; it's the first step, and it shows that he is getting on. The next step—by this time he feels that he has arrived and that he

is Great,—he forgets to come at all. Some of the Casual have made the crime of coming late a fine art. To time their belated and longed-for presence so to arrive, as it were, at the boiling point, is indeed a great and fine art. To arrive at the dramatic moment at a dinner-party when, in her relief, the hostess greets you with an exaggerated effusiveness, and so gives your arrival an importance which it would never have had had you come in time, is a Social Triumph.

Punctuality is an unamiable virtue and very plebeian in every one but a king. It is always the punctual who lose their tempers waiting for the unpunctual, and to lose your temper is the thin end of the wedge for the perpetration of the worst crimes. I suppose the angels are always unpunctual, or they would n't be so sweet-tempered. I don't believe the punctual are ever destined to be angels, for already on earth they get so soured. So one cannot help thinking that Heaven must be a rather unpunctual place.

It is the Casual who borrow your books and forget to return them. A friend of mine bought a stray volume at Sotheby's to replace one that had disappeared years before out of a priceless set, and when he opened it his own book-plate stared him cheerfully in the face, and the criminal had gone to that bourne where he was safe even from the wrath of a collector. Possibly he was only casual, but the result was the same.

Books seem to exercise a wicked influence on human beings. Besides the books that are borrowed and never returned, there are those poor victims that leave your shelves so upright and neat, and they return with broken backs and rings on their covers and dog-eared corners on the corners of their melancholy pages, and here and there a hardened drop of candle-grease to suggest midnight vigils. Much better never to see them again than to see them in such a pitiable plight.

Among other silent victims to the minor crimes is the poor and humble author. Not only do his immortal works not circulate with that vivacity

which he could wish, but well-meaning friends try to borrow his last book from him, so as to save swelling the lordly revenues of the circulating library by tuppence. If the dear, kind world could only be made to comprehend that even an author cannot live on laurels only!

Then there are those benevolent people who, to encourage the author, ask the humble man to give them his dear little book autographed. Even the meekest of authors sometimes wonders in perplexity "Why?" Do we, when we are so lucky as to know a brewer, ask him as a compliment to himself to send us a barrel of beer to remind us of him? When we circulate in society and meet a distinguished tailor, do we beg him to present us with a new suit of clothes made invaluable by his autograph? Do we ask a railway director, at whose house we may happen to dine, to send us a free pass over his roads? Not usually. What would these prosperous gentlemen say to the mere suggestion? But the poor author is always the uncomplaining victim of an inexpensive patronage, and really he can afford it less than most!

Another weapon of destruction essentially feminine but none the less deadly because of that, is the hat-pin. It is probably the invention of some misanthrope aching to exterminate the human race. It is the modern dagger, and has infinite possibilities in the way of low-down tragedy eminently suitable for police courts when not for the higher social circles. Considering its death-dealing qualities, it is a source of real dramatic interest to see the feminine hat bristle with half a dozen of these terrible weapons, preferably with their cruel points protruding inches beyond the hat, and yet to realize that, up to the present, there has been no legislation against these innocent criminals. What would we say if our fathers and husbands carried about in their respectable pockets six-shooters loaded to the hilt? Now, is not a hat-pin as dangerous to society as a loaded revolver? A girl, no matter how pretty, who bristles with the points of

obtrusive hat-pins is a menace to the public welfare and should be legislated against, like mobs and invasions.

Society simply bristles with criminals. Even dinners, usually threatening only to the digestion, have been turned into ruthless weapons for the destruction of the Shy. The agony of a bashful man who is called upon unexpectedly by an easy and fluent chair-man to answer to a toast, is something which mere words cannot describe. The terror which ties his knees into double bow-knots, and makes of his voice something which either hits the roof of his head or rises out of the soles of his boots, is an anguish to which no one can do justice. The sufferer is probably not a drivelling idiot in private life, but nobody would suppose so to judge by the few remarks he pumps out of his parched throat and emits in instalments by the aid of a tongue like red-hot and very heavy lead. His jaws creak with an awful stiffness, as if they were carved out of pasteboard; he glares frantically about and sees nothing, and does awful things with his table-napkin, and finally, having given up all earthly hope, he plumps wildly down and no amount of champagne can make him forgive the genial man who has encouraged him to make such an ass of himself. Yes, society is full of agonies as well as crimes.

There is one criminal in society one would dearly like to see exterminated, and that is the beast who, having, by some contemptible and underhand method, become acquainted with your best after-dinner stories, accompanies your recital—and you are in capital form—with an ingratiating grin like a hyena, and a benevolent and confirmatory nodding of his head, and just as you have nearly reached your climax, and the guests are hanging spell-bound on your words and are rewarding you with anticipatory chuckles, this beast bursts out with your point just five seconds before you can reach the winning post. This is another instance when a little manslaughter should be excused.

On the other hand, there is that

innocent sufferer, the man who forgets his point. Society is full of people who would be perfectly delightful if they could only remember what they meant to say. If any enterprising publisher would collect the speeches that are never made, and the anecdotes that have everything but a point, as well as the jokes that are forgotten, he would produce volumes of thrilling interest. The other night at a dinner-party we were favored by a most delightful anecdote about the fair Melusine, who, as everybody knows, was half a woman and half a serpent. The excellent gentleman who was entertaining us with the story got, however, slightly mixed as to the particular beast into which the fair Melusine was partly turned. His point was intended to be that the husband of the fair Melusine was singularly fortunate because his wife was a serpent only half the time. At which climax he could confidently reckon on frantic hilarity both from the married men as well as the more innocent bachelors. Unfortunately, in the excitement of recital, he could n't think of the animal required for the point. Nothing would come to his agitated consciousness but a whale. So, when he said with a smile, which grew more uncertain as he approached his climax, that the husband of the fair Melusine was singularly lucky as his wife was a whale only half the time, even the most charitable of diners-out looked perplexed and vainly tried to see the joke, and rewarded him with perfunctory smiles that were pathetic. The man sent me the point on a post-card the very next morning.

There is no end to dinner crimes. The other evening I was at a great banquet, for which a very impressive personage, all hung with stars and things, had been captured as ornamental chairman. Behind his noble back were draped the flags of those two great nations that have two independent pieces of poetry and one tune. The toast-master hovered anxiously over the eminent chairman, and as I looked into the chairman's red face, decorated with mid-Victorian whiskers,

I had a dreadful suspicion that he knew but vaguely why he was there. Like the immortal brook, the speeches proceeded to flow on forever. Finally, a busy little committee-man darted up to the noble chairman and whispered frantically into his ear, and I felt at once, from the jerks of his head, that he referred to a lonely man, one remove from the chairman, who bore on his features the stamp of America as well as an only partly concealed dissatisfaction. The committee-man retired, and the toast-master in stentorian accents cried, "Silence for your noble chairman!" Whereupon the noble chairman rose to those feet his ancestors had so cruelly endowed with gout, and vouchsafed us his best British eloquence.

As I listened I happened, accidentally, to look at the lonely gentleman with the dissatisfied expression, and I observed samples of different emotions chasing across his expressive features.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the noble chairman after a great deal of eloquence that got lost behind his shirt collar, "I have the gratification of introducing to you one of the most distinguished citizens of the great Republic, a man famous in her councils, and even more famous in the still greater republic of letters; a man whose name is a household word, ladies and gentlemen, Major-General Jabez B. Tompkins of America."

Here, as the noble chairman looked benevolently across at the dissatisfied stranger, the stranger met his glance with unconcealed malevolence.

"Hopkins!" he hissed across at the noble chairman. "My name is Hopkins!"

For a moment the chairman was staggered, but then he came gallantly to his own rescue.

"The fact is, ladies and gentlemen, the name that is a—a—in fact, a household word is—is—in fact, is Hopkins." Whereupon he sat down rapidly amid thunders of applause.

Yes, it is the minor crimes that make the world so dangerous and unsafe and life so trying. It would be so comforting if Parliament would legislate against them! Only the result would be that most of the inhabitants of this erring world would be in penitentiaries, which might be somewhat of a drawback. Still, it would be nice if one could at least chop off the heads of a few of these genial criminals, if only as an example.

The world is alarmingly full of well-intentioned criminals who are all the more dangerous because there are no laws to protect one against them. Parliament really ought to do something for us, only the trouble is that probably Parliament itself consists entirely of minor criminals.

Still, it does make laws such as they are, and if it would only make it a penal offence to be casual, to slam doors, to forget to come, to tell the other man's best story, and heaps of other crimes, the result would be quite as beneficial and important as its penal laws for the major crimes. A gentleman who commits a murder knows what will happen to him if he is ever caught, and so he discreetly avoids society and usually doesn't do it again. But the gentleman who keeps your dinner waiting for half an hour is not punished—no one arrests him, no one chops off his head—so he repeats his offence over and over again, and society has no earthly redress. In fact, he is a bold, bad character whom we constantly invite in spite of his crimes, and his motto of conduct is "Don't care a d—n."

If Parliament would only come to the rescue and consider the awful importance of the minor crimes, what a beneficial effect it would have on the temper of the world!

And, indeed, after a serious study of life, one comes to the conclusion that there are really no minor crimes, but that all, even the little bits of ones, are major, dreadfully major—though possibly in disguise.

Telephones and Letter-Writing

By ANDREW LANG

"I HAD her over the phone this morning." These words, applied by one fair lady to another, in an American novel, conveyed no meaning to my mind. How do you have a person over a phone? "Over the coals" is an old expression, of unknown origin, but of a certain significance. Reading on in the American novel, I gathered, from the context, that to have a person over a phone meant to converse with him or her through a telephone.

This is a mechanical advantage of our age which I have never employed. I tried it once. I tried, being at the station of Clovenford, on the Tweed, to talk to somebody at Galashiels, a distance of four or five miles. But I could not hear a word that he said, and am therefore unable to be certain as to whether he heard a word that I said. Perhaps the *phone* may not have been *tele* enough, and did not carry the distance. I do not know what the range of a telephone is, nor whether you can have a person over a phone by Marconi's wireless system. Telephones are only known to me in the kind of novels which a man reads in bed, hoping that they will send him to sleep. In one romance of this sort, "The Crimson Blind," a good deal of the action and still more of the conversation are transacted by aid of the telephone. The characters are always at it, busy in unmasking a terrible villain, and they find that the instrument works satisfactorily and is quite safe. This is not always so; in another novel, the hero, who is foreman of a jury in a murder case, thinks that he is discussing the mystery with the girl of his heart, far away (this was a long-range telephone), but he is really conversing with another lady, who, as far as I have read the story, seems likely to be detected as the First or Second Murderess. (On research, she was not; the murderer was the Counsel for the Defence.) Such are the inconveniences and perils of telephones, which ought to be noted by the foremen of juries. Is

it not possible to "tap" the wires of a telephone (if they have wires), or otherwise to overhear what is being said? Lothian Dodd, in "The Wrecker," did hear what the wicked attorney was saying, at his end, which had a great effect on the plot.

The telephone, if audible to others than the beloved object, is quite as unsafe as love letters, which you can compose with caution, keeping office copies, like a Scotsman known in story. But when conversing through a telephone, and holding amorous discourse, with intentions perhaps honorable, but certainly vague, how are you to know that the lady's solicitor is not listening and making a note of it, at the farther end? Conspirators ought to be chary of using the telephone, cyphered letters are much safer, at least if Government has not the key to the cypher, which it has, in fact, usually purchased from one of the daring sons of freedom concerned in the plot.

Perhaps my notions of the perils connected with the telephone are inaccurate. If they were so great as they appear, the phone would not be the substitute for pen and ink, and would not be destroying the art of letter-writing, which it is doing, as I am credibly informed. Let us rejoice that the thing was not discovered sooner! If Horace Walpole could have chatted with Horace Mann, in Florence, by telephone; or Madame de Sévigné with her daughter; or Thackeray with Mrs. Brookfield; or Mr. Stevenson, from Samoa, with Mr. Gosse and others, our literature would be the poorer. It is true that we should also be spared the painfully dull correspondence which pads out volumes of "Life and Letters," but, after all, we need not read these, unless we are conscientious reviewers, which is far from probable.

The art of letter-writing does seem to be in decay, and no wonder, for few people have time to read a long letter, at all events a long letter much alarms

them. They put it away, meaning to read it after dinner, but they read the evening newspaper, and forget about the letter. Lovers do write, no doubt, to each other, because of the lingering tradition that it is the proper thing to do in their situation. When the effusions occasionally reach the public eye, they do not remind us of Horace Walpole, or even of the Portuguese Nun, who wrote the famous five or six letters to the young officer, but he had ridden away, and never answered.

Ladies also write to old friends of their own sex: men never write to each other if they can help it. The virtue, or vice, of ladies' letters is to be too historical, they are usually records of events other than momentous, and bulletins of the health and dresses of acquaintances. Of course, they may contain witty comments, and then they are, and always have been, the best kind of letters, though one is not sure that women have written more of them than men, or more, at least, that have been given to the world. However, today, women sometimes take pains to be entertaining in their epistles, and men, as a rule, do not. A modern Atticus would not read the letters of Cicero, if a modern Cicero wrote them. If they

contained news, he could get the news much earlier from the newspapers, which now know everything, and sometimes know it right. Literary men do not write letters, if they have a good idea they keep it, and make copy of it, and a friend can read it much more easily in print than in the handwriting of many literary men. Mr. Stevenson was the last letter-writer, because he lived so far away from almost everybody who shared his interests. He could only talk to them with the pen, whereas people in town see each other in those clubs where people do talk to each other; in many clubs they scrupulously shun conversation. Indeed talk is mainly done through telephones, or a brief telegram is sent, and letters are only written to men of business, or to others who are, for the moment, involved in business, such as trustees, parents and guardians, Members of Parliament; and, by bores, to men of letters whom they do not know, and who do not want to hear from them. "The old order changes," as the poet justly remarks, and the art of spelling, even, may come to be lost, as by the lady letter-writer, of conservative opinions, who described a certain newspaper as a "wrotton wradical wrag."

The Spring Call

By THOMAS HARDY

(From the *Cornhill*)

Down Wessex way, when spring's a-shine,
The blackbird's "purr-ty de-urr!"
In Wessex accents marked as mine,
Is heard afar and near.

He flutes it strong, as if in song
No R's of feeble tone
Than his appear in "purr-ty de-urr!"
Have blackbirds ever known.

Yet they pipe "prittie deerh!" I glean;
Bcneath a-Scottish sky,
And "pehty deaw!" amid the treen
Of Middlesex or nigh.

While some folk say—perhaps in play—
Who know the Irish isle,
'T is "purrity dare!" in treeland there
When songsters would beguile.

Well: I'll say what the listening birds
Say, hearing "purr-ty de-urr!"—
"However strangers sound such words,
That's how we sound 'em *he-urr*."

"Yes, in this clime at pairing-time
As soon as eyes can see her,
At eve or day, the proper way
To call is 'purr-ty de-urr!'"

Idle Notes

By AN IDLE READER

Is there just as much niceness as there ever was, or is the quantity of the precious stuff diminishing? Mr. Owen Wister thinks that it is, and he has written "Lady Baltimore" to help

The Niceness of The Nice

preserve the record of a very special type of social distinction and charm. The story—which might have been called "The South Carolinians"—deals with an outsider's sojourn in the city he calls "the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America." By telling the story only as the outsider learned it, in shreds and fragments, Mr. Wister increased the difficulty of his task immensely, and made the amiable Augustus, his spokesman, seem at times unduly inquiring, but one must always grant a novelist the point on which to place his lever, or he cannot lift up a world before our eyes, and then, if Augustus is somewhat curious, at least his curiosity is most affectionate and admiring. The characters of whom Mr. Henry James has written in late years are even more feverishly interested in "making out" things about one another, but they do it as an intellectual game, while Augustus does it in a thoroughly warm-hearted, human way. Augustus, in fact, is no end nice himself, and that is why he loves the Southern city full of history and memories, with its exquisite old ladies, its charming young ones, and why he does not wish John Mayrant, the fine contemporary flower of the old traditions, to marry Hortense Rieppe, a very beautiful, up-to-date girl who "looks like a steel wasp," and requires for her amusement yachts, automobiles, millions—all the paraphernalia of what Augustus calls "the yellow rich."

Just in passing—there is something very special about the Southern gentlewoman of the last generation. I do not know "Kings Port," but I pay my thanks to the kindly stars that I have known contemporaries of the ladies St. Michael, women of their type.

What it is about them, tongue cannot tell. It is not that they were more delicately bred or held to finer traditions than certain other worshipful ladies in the North. It is atmosphere, perhaps. But just as Paderewski's playing throws music into the air and makes it visible until you see the texture of it as if it were a glitter of old lace and gems, so do some of these elder women make you conscious of the fineness and beauty of the texture of life. Clouds lift, horizons widen; the imagination stirs as well as the heart, and the eye sees visions of all the exquisite things of mortality. This is not a rhapsody. I am just trying to tell you how it is. Some natures have the "singing quality" in their touch on life, as the Polish pianist has it on the ivory keys.

That is a charming chapter of "Lady Baltimore" where Augustus and young

The Higher Tradition John Mayrant sit on the tombs in the old graveyard and deplore the passing of America's classic age, of the

manners and characters of the old school. "We're no longer a small people living and dying for a great idea; we're a big people living and dying for money" declares Augustus delightfully. "And these ladies of yours, well, they have made me homesick for a national and social past which I never saw, but which my old people knew. They're like legends still living. In their quiet, clean-cut faces I seem to see a reflection of the old, serene candle-light we all once talked and danced in. . . . Such quiet faces are gone now in the breathless, competing North; ground into oblivion between the clashing trades of the competing men and the clashing jewels and chandeliers of their competing wives—while yours have lingered on, spared by your very adversity. And that's why I shall miss your old people when they follow mine—because they're the last of their kind, the end of the chain, the bold, original stock,

the great race that made our glory grow and saw that it did grow through thick and thin, the good old native blood of independence."

Some half dozen years ago, an old gentleman wrote to the New York *Sun* an arraignment of the social life of that city, comparing it with the days preceding the Civil War. At that time, he averred, people of position avoided the display of wealth as vulgar. The quality of personal distinction was the thing prized, and "the discrimination to recognize it was deemed evidence of the validity of a title to social superiority." With the loss of this discrimination (he thought it wholly lost nowadays) had departed "the graciousness which used to be considered the attribute and test of good breeding"—that graciousness whose loss Mr. Wister mourns for the North and still finds in the South.

The obvious outer truth of these strictures cannot be denied, but I sometimes feel rebelliously in behalf of my own generation that all has not been told. It is true that great wealth is the severest test of character Providence has yet devised; it is true that "the yellow rich" are paramount in most large cities, and that the higher tradition of personal distinction seems in eclipse—but in the smaller cities and the towns it is still markedly in evidence. The towns! What if our social salvation is yet to come out of them? How many of them does Mr. Wister intimately know? They contain a far greater proportion of the old blood of our independence than the cities, and it tells in their daily life. I remember perceiving hazily in my youth that the nice people of the smaller places seemed to have more time to be nice in than did the city-dwellers. There is leisure still left in them, and with leisure come dignity and graciousness. Perhaps when the gentle secrets of the towns are all revealed, it will be seen that there is just as much niceness as there ever was; it is only the distribution that is different.

But if this is wrong and all modern

society is really tainted with vulgarity and rushing down the primrose path in devil-wagons, then let us remember for our consolation that Mr. Howells thinks distinction is not a Christian trait. Of course we don't agree with him; neither does Margaret Baillie-Saunders, whose clever novel, "Saints in Society," attempts a demonstration of precisely the converse. It tells the history of a young Christian-Socialist printer and his wife who are tested with the great test of rapidly acquired wealth and prominence. Before these things begin to arrive, Mark Hading is a man of distinction, for he believes in humanity and works for it, and his face shows forth the glory of his dream. His wife is just a good-looking, rather sulky London girl who loves cheap finery as if it were the ultimate joy. But when her husband begins to rise she casts about for some directions for "becoming a lady" in order to keep step with him. Her own idea is that ladies avoid work and cultivate a scornful expression. The first assistance she receives is the impression, derived from a chance conversation, that "a lady helps her husband and does kindnesses to little children." These are simple directions, but hers is a simple soul. She adopts the idea and it makes her over, as ideas will if they are taken seriously. She achieves character, presence, usefulness, even beauty by its aid, while her husband steadily deteriorates, losing his ideals, his religion, everything worth having, in the crucible of prosperity. All the distinction in the family changes hands and comes into Chloris's possession, so entirely does the writer regard it as one of the things of the spirit. The reader is not quite sure that everything would have happened just so. The author may be a little arbitrary—but the book interests and half convinces.

I do not know whether the intended moral of Lady Henry Somerset's novel is that which I found in it, but it seems to indicate with great clearness the futility, for a woman, of loving the wrong man. Lady Cliffe and Elizabeth

"Saints
in
Society"

"Under
the
Arch"

both make this mistake; they are both, also, young, fervent, imaginative, charming. The man in question falls in love first with one and then with the other, and the novelist offers no explanation of him or apology for him. He just does, that's all. Happily his sense of honor is as uncertain as his affections, and this failing in him ultimately results in the deliverance of both women from the bondage of their sentiment for him. Lady Cliffe goes into a decline, but Elizabeth lives to be happy with a better, if a less interesting, man. But in each case the woman loses much. Lady Cliffe neglects her husband for her unreal affection, and he slips out of life before she finds herself. Elizabeth suffers more, being less sentimental, but her loss is not so irretrievable for she employs herself in useful settlement work as a method of forgetting her own unhappiness.

The book is full of vivid little touches and sharply contrasting

sketches of London life in the West End and the East. It is in these pictures that the greatest strength of the book lies. Better even than the impressive mother who devoutly believes that grief *must* be assuaged by mourning fresh from Paris, are the children of the slums, and "the rag and bone lady" who falls down on the pavement and lies happily upon her back for half an hour talking to the strip of blue night sky, telling the stars all her history and how "the blind man 'e stole my farden, but Lawd in 'eaven will pity me." She has begun to pray when a passing policeman offers to help her home and to bed, an offer which she declines to accept until he has prompted her, petition by petition, through "Our Father," explaining as she thanks him, "T ain't often I gets time to siy my prayers, but when I do, I likes to siy 'em right." Such things are not invented; they are seen.

The Muck=Rake as a Circulation Boomer

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

(In an Interview)

PUBLICITY through the medium of the daily press and the magazines of the United States has assumed such a vicious form in some instances that it has done the American people much harm. Under the guise of exposing graft, corruption, or whatever title we may be pleased to give it, some of the mediums of publicity have magnified petty faults and grossly exaggerated conditions merely for the sake of commercialism—to increase their circulation. Agitation for reform has served as a pretext for attacks upon men and women which were entirely unwarranted, but one of the most baneful tendencies of this stuff, which is unfit to be called literature, is its wholesale slander of our country and our people. For example, to read the well-termed "yellow journals" of the Metropolis, one well might think

that the purity of its women was a misnomer, that those who do not drink, smoke, or gamble are the exception and not the rule. In certain alleged magazines we read articles defaming the United States Senate, which every American should regard as the most honorable legislative body in the world—which it is. Men in public life are made the targets of slanderous criticism. Even our customs, the people as a whole are defamed by the so-called writers in their greed for the money offered them by those who are willing to debase their pages in the interest of commercialism.

So it is that this great evil of abuse has gotten to be a colossal scheme to make money by doing the greatest harm to men who do not deserve it. The people are laboring under the mis-

apprehension of believing that these men in high places are all wrong-doers and that the newspapers and magazines are defenders of the public good in exposing them, but they are not. They are on the scent for scandal and blackmail because that sort of stuff is salable, and in most cases for that reason alone. They are merely pandering to a public taste which craves these things, but at what cost? At the cost of increasing the spirit of Anarchism in this country! This means of turning abuse into cash is like throwing sharp stones and mud into a flower garden; spraying a bunch of orchids with the filth of a sewer; after the harm is done, it is useless to try to make amends.

Nothing has seemed safe from the attacks of the critics. Even the food we eat is tainted with graft and poison according to their accounts. Yet only a few days ago a New York chemist prepared a meal out of chemicals, and one which was in no way injurious to the partaker. Of course some exposures are necessary, but in most cases this agitation has gone too far. Among the food products, take for example oleomargarine. We who have refined tastes in our eating prefer cow's butter to beef butter; but to the poor man who has been accustomed to the other, there is really no difference, except in price. Down South I remember an old darky who for years had been fond of green cheese. He found out that he had n't been eating green cheese at all, but wagon grease instead. Did he write a magazine article? No; the fact that he had eaten and enjoyed it before his discovery led him to believe that he could continue to eat it with a relish—and he still included "green cheese" in his daily menu.

As I have intimated, this sort of publicity has one very dangerous tendency in sowing the seed of anarchy. We must remember that the sensational periodical and newspaper circulates widely among the classes of our people who do not appreciate that much of the stuff they read is exaggerated or utterly untrue. They do not realize that many of the men who occupy high

places are the victims of false attacks. They get distorted ideas of those who deserve to stand high in their estimation. Their standard of citizenship is lowered by reading such articles and having the substance preached to them by labor agitators. So they are left dissatisfied. Their peace of mind is taken away and replaced by unrest and discontent.

To show how baseless are some of the tirades about our country and our people, let us contrast the United States with other nations. Ask the world traveller, American or European, and he will say that nowhere abroad is there a country which has the cleanliness that we have—moral, physical, civic, national—in no one of these ways can any of them compare with our cleanliness, and yet we are held up in the light of public censure as though no good thing could come out of America. Everything and everybody seems tainted with dishonesty or daubed with mud slung by some hysterical publisher, who thus sees a chance to increase his circulation.

But we cannot afford to let this literary mud-throwing continue—nor will we for long. Our people are very busy, and they have much to do. Much escapes us in our working hours because we are all absorbed in our labor. But when a thing is brought before our notice in all its force, we take hold of it with all our might and then the reaction comes. The cheap magazines and yellow press are not reformers—and that the masses will learn very soon. When they do learn this, there will be a revolution in popular beliefs which will counteract in a measure the harm that is being done by these alarmists. But let us hope that the revulsion of feeling comes soon.

The American creed, by nature, is optimism and hard work, for there is no real happiness without work. God Almighty gives us the sun every morning, and that sun is bound to shine so long as the world lasts. A cloud may come between you and the sun now and then, but why waste time worrying about that cloud, when you know God's sunshine is just behind it?

Greatness

I.

*WHAT makes a man great? Is it houses and land?
Is it argosies dropping their wealth at his feet?
Is it multitudes shouting his name in the street?
Is it power of brain? Is it skill of hand?
Is it writing a book? Is it guiding the State?
Nay, nay, none of these can make a man great.*

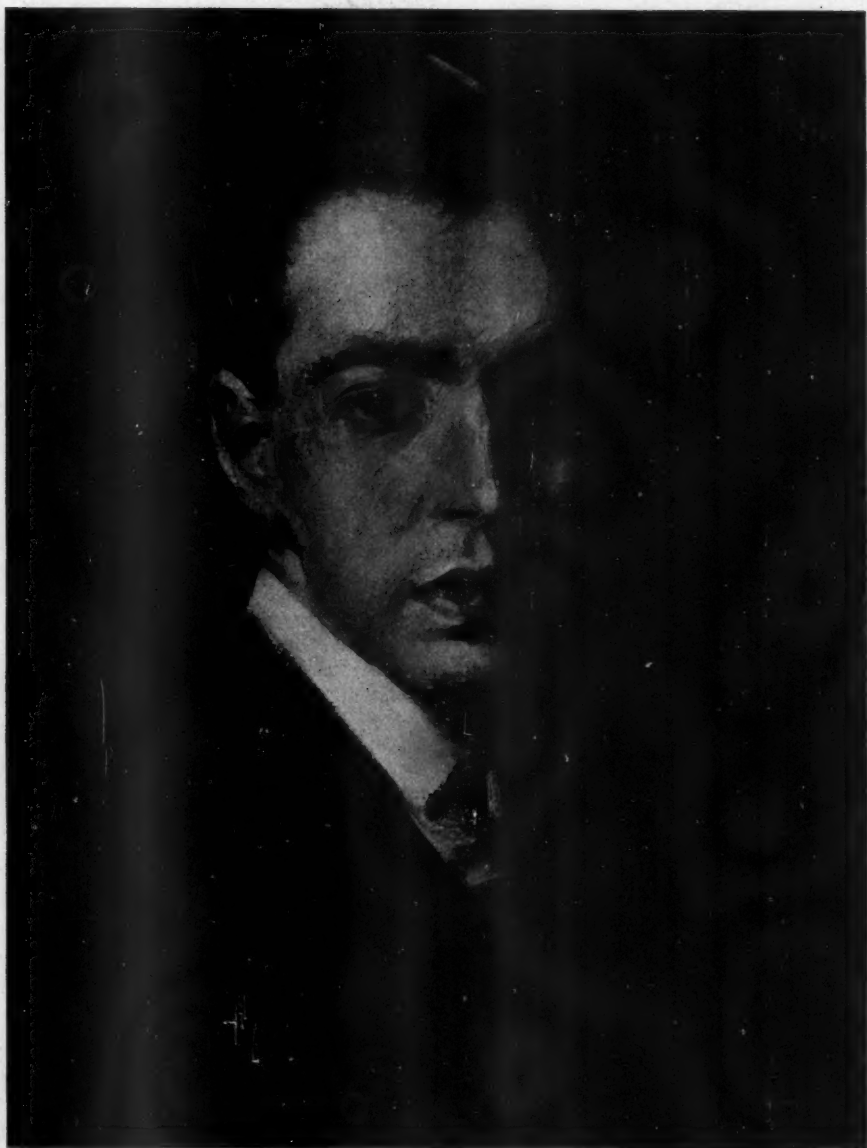
II.

*The crystal burns cold with its beautiful fire,
And is what it is; it can never be more;
The acorn, with something wrapped warm at the core,
In quietness says, "To the oak I aspire."
That something in seed and in tree is the same—
What makes a man great is his greatness of aim.*

III.

*What is greatness of aim? Your purpose to trim
For bringing the world to obey your behest?
Oh no, it is seeking God's perfect and best,
Making something the same both in you and in Him.
Love what He loves, and child of the sod,
Already you share in the greatness of God.*

SAMUEL V. COLE.



MR. WALTER PACH

By William M. Chase

William M. Chase

WILLIAM M. CHASE, one of the most talented leaders of American painters of portraits, creates results that possess the rare quality of representing things as they should appear to normal eyes, untinged by any preconceived sentiment of his imagination. Naturally, then, his tendency is not primarily to lay stress on a feeling for form, or a desire for composition, or charm of line, for its own sake. Therefore he never shows any inclination to deal with the half tangible, or with theoretic ideals, or with personified connotations, of the vague, or the half-imagined. He leaves the dramatic field to the stage, the story-telling realm to literature. He aims his ambition rather towards selecting tangible facts, apparently common in shape and color, but truly of alluring charm, as they pass him day by day. These he places before us with the understanding that it is not the novel production but the well-done, clearly-wrought effort that merits praise. To such an end he strikes unerringly the significant details of the external aspect of the world. He finds the enjoyment of his work in simulating the effect of a gule of light falling upon some pleasing spot. He takes pleasure in the keen and sincere rendering of the texture-fabric of a screen. His chief possession, a possession that few hold in duplicate, is an eye that sees what it should see with a thoroughly vital and accurate vision, that does not see at all what should be best avoided, and that directs his hand towards securing a permanent reminder of the best of what it has absorbed. During late years he has confined himself more and more closely to treating still life and figure studies. There, luckily, with greater aptness than in other directions his free and vigorous handling of his clever brush

gives him a facility of color modelling and a versatility that breeds realism. Yet, though based upon this aloof condition of mind by which the eye seems to communicate directly with the hand, his portraits never display his technique at the expense of some poor mortal's character, never result in the conventionally expected cruel or analytical categories that represent each sitter as a man or woman of many faults and few virtues. On the contrary he combines his understanding of a uniquely spontaneous method of bringing out the pleasant emotions stored in the most common of everyday surroundings with a distinct sympathy for the object he is to reproduce. He loves his tools, loves his medium of expression, loves his world, and paints it as it spreads before his eyes that are direct and strong. He never attempts to soothe his audience with dreamy studies of mystic abstractions, but he gives them paintings that are awake, paintings that are true and full of beauty, and paintings that snap with potentiality.

William Merritt Chase was born in 1849 in Franklin, Indiana. He carried on his early work at the age of twenty-five under B. F. Hayes in Indianapolis, and later under J. O. Eaton in New York. Then before finally establishing himself in the United States he took the customary tour abroad, where he became one of the disciples of the Munich School of Art, studying there under Wagner, and Piloty. His work on this side of the Atlantic first attracted attention in 1876. Since that time he has made his way to the front rank of portrait and still life painters, winning, among other prizes, a gold medal in the Paris Exposition of 1900.

H. ST.-G.

The MacDowell Club

A New Force in the Art Life of New York

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

MR. GEORGE MOORE, in his "Evelyn Innes," refers with excusable vivacity to the "absurd idea" propounded by Richard Wagner in the heat of controversy "that all the arts were to wax to one art in the music drama,—that even sculpture was to be represented by attitudes of the actors and actresses"; and Mr. Moore makes ungente sport of such emphatic exponents of the Bayreuth idea as that most ponderable of *Isoldes*, Rosa Sucher, who was wont to "walk about with her hands raised and posed above her head in the conventional, statuesque attitude designed for the decoration of beer gardens." Wagner's amiable theory concerning the fusion of all the arts into one—that of the lyric drama—has been regarded, one may not deny, with somewhat less than universal seriousness; yet a not unrelated, though far older, ideal—that of the fertilization of one art by another—has, one conceives, a very considerable prospect of increasing realization.

It is known to his friends that the correlation of the different arts was a subject very dear to the heart of that distinguished American music-maker whose lamentable affliction is filling the minds of those who best know how to appreciate his singular and persuasive genius. For Edward MacDowell, the inter-relation of the arts—the rich and unexpected results made possible by the reaction one upon the other of music, painting, literature, and sculpture—was more than an æsthetic abstraction, a concept to be vaguely held or idly dreamed upon; it was, for him, a vital principle of artistic procedure. It was made constantly manifest in his work, almost from the first; and especially is it evident in those extraordinarily sensitive and imaginative tone-poems of his later period, in which an exquisite poetic vision has ordered the outflow of the musical thought. From first to

last he has been not so much the master of a superb and distinguished order of musical eloquence,—although he was very completely that,—as the poet alive to all manner of quickening experiences, who chose to re-utter those experiences in a vivified form of musical speech.

That ideals and convictions such as his should have found some sort of objective perpetuation, now that he may no longer effectually uphold them, is perhaps as natural as it is fortunate. No less idealistic a motive than this underlies the purposes of the recently organized MacDowell Club of New York, which, in an embryonic form, came into existence just a year ago—on May 31, 1905, and which has moved with astonishing strides toward its present influential and significant position in the artistic activities of this town. The Club has now very nearly three hundred members, and its Advisory Board is so widely representative as to include these writers, musicians, painters, actors, architects, sculptors, and men and women of affairs: Mr. William F. Apthorp, Miss Cecilia Beaux, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Mr. George De Forest Brush, Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. John La Farge, Mr. Henry T. Finck, Mr. Daniel C. French, Mr. Henry Fuller, Mrs. John L. Gardner, Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Mr. Philip Hale, Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, Mr. William Dean Howells, Mr. James Huneker, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, Mr. John Lane, Mr. Seth Low, Mr. Charles McKim, Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, Mr. William Mason, Mr. Howard Mansfield, Mr. Richard Mansfield, Mr. Horatio W. Parker, Mr. Emil Paur, Mr. Wassily Safonoff, Mr. Templeton Strong, Mr. Frederick A. Stock, and Mr. Owen Wister.

The purposes of the Club are thus officially declared: "To emphasize the

nobility of Art as a whole; and the fundamental unity of the arts; and to broaden their appreciation and influence. To study and demonstrate the

tion." In that last clause is contained a sufficiently concise announcement of a purpose which, to many, suggests the most admirable of the Club's func-



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MR. EDWARD MACDOWELL

From his latest photograph made by Estelle Huntington Huggins.

correlation of the drama, literature, and music; architecture, painting, and sculpture; and the other fine arts. To aid in the extension of the knowledge of æsthetic principles; and to bring into prominence special works of art that are deserving of broader recogni-

tions: that of promoting and exhibiting whatever, in any of the arts, is at once new, significant, and unrecognized. It is primarily for this purpose that the Club's By-Laws provide for a number of yearly private meetings at which works "especially fitted to exemplify



THE GARDEN AT MR. MACDOWELL'S COUNTRY HOME AT PETERBORO, N. H.



MR. MACDOWELL'S LOG CABIN IN THE WOODS AT PETERBORO, N. H.



MR. MACDOWELL'S PLACE AT PETERBORO, N. H., IN WINTER.

the finer purposes of the several arts" shall be presented, and for "at least one annual public presentation . . . of the works of some artist or artists, whether of music, literature, the drama, painting, sculpture, or architecture; the selection to be made by the directors."

The evolution of the Club toward its present estate may be interesting to trace. It had its genesis, appropriately enough, in the "artist-class" which Mr. MacDowell organized among his

pupils during the last years of his activity, as composer and teacher, and which was composed of those students of the piano who disclosed particular ability. From time to time a semi-public lesson was arranged for this class, and to it were bidden a limited number of auditors who knew how to appreciate the stimulating and suggestive promptings of the poet-composer whom a grotesque fate cast, for the best years of his life, in the somewhat confining rôle of a preceptor of

youth. At the final meeting of this class, about a year ago, it became known that Mr. MacDowell was far from well, and that there was small possibility of his being able to continue the class during the following winter. It was regretted that the meetings had come to an end, and several plans were suggested for carrying them on in permanent form. The result was the formation of the nucleus of the MacDowell Club, which began at once to take definite shape. I cannot better trace the subsequent development of the Club than by quoting from a singularly lucid account of its history prepared by Mrs. MacDowell:

"The impetus which hastened the growth of the Club to its present proportions came from an unexpected source. Mr. MacDowell's home in Peterboro, where, for the past ten years, he has spent most of his summers, and where practically all his creative work has been done during those years, was very dear to him. Undoubtedly the imagination which colored his thoughts in his work and plans helped also to idealize this home. When he bought it, it was a deserted farm of about eighty acres with a little cottage on it dating from Colonial days. The hand-made nails, the birch-bark lining the walls between the boards and the shingles, the old spinning-wheels still in the attic, the flint-lock found behind one of the stone fences, the tansy and lilacs—all these seemed a message to him from a by-gone civilization, and in a way it was. As the years went on, Mr. MacDowell brought back the worn-out fields to their original value, and built himself in the midst of a sixty-acre forest a log cabin study where he worked and meditated. The old cottage was transformed into a low, rambling house, with a large, detached music-room. Barns were built, and gardens sprang up in all directions. As the years went by, Mr. MacDowell longed to feel assured that after his death and that of his wife the place might remain intact, and that it might, in some small way, help the development of art in this country. His supreme faith in the artistic future

of America strengthened this desire. Lack of funds to endow any plan in connection with the Peterboro house, and the assurance of his lawyer that such a bequest would have to be in connection with some corporation in order to insure its stability, seemed, however, to preclude any possibility of carrying out his ideas. The formation of the American Academy at Rome, where music was put on an equal footing with the other arts, renewed his Peterboro ideals, but the corporation was still lacking. As his mind grew more cloudy, his anxiety about Peterboro became acute, and was a constant source of unhappiness to him. The formation of the MacDowell Club of New York suddenly brought relief to the situation, and he hailed with delight the suggestion that the place should be given to it.

"In a letter which he wrote last year to the trustees of the Academy of Rome he tried to formulate some plan in regard to the four-year musical scholarship planned for that institution. He expressed strongly his opinion as to the influence he felt the different arts must have on each other when brought into close contact, though he doubted whether the musical student should live for more than three or four months of each year in Rome. That he should study in other European countries went without saying, but he trusted that the time would come when it would be felt just as necessary for the student to be sent back to America for a portion of his four years. In describing Peterboro in this connection, I wish to show that it is admirably planned for a miniature imitation of an American Academy, and what Mr. MacDowell hoped was that it might be used for a few months of each year as a resting spot for several students in all the arts, professional or otherwise, where quiet work and close companionship could be had, a modest sum being paid for board in order to clear it of a possible accusation of its being a charitable institution; and although no teaching need be done for the present, future years might evolve there a summer school.

"Last October, when Mr. MacDowell's hopeless condition became generally known, the feeling grew that the Club should stand on a broader basis than had at first been contemplated, although the difficulty of getting people together in New York, and the rapidity with which the membership grew, made the problem a formidable one. There arose also the need of incorporating the Club, to enable it to receive the gift of the Peterboro home, which its donors were anxious to have immediately accomplished,—naturally reserving to themselves entire control of the property while they lived. Thus the organization came finally to its present estate."

During the season now ending, the Club has held a number of exhibition meetings that have yielded some notable occasions. Music of significance and value—some of it virtually unknown—has been performed by Miss Ruth Deyo, a young and hitherto unrecognized American pianist of striking gifts; by the Olive Mead Quartet; by

Miss Maud Powell; by Mr. Sigismund Stojowski; by Mr. Gwilym Miles; by Mrs. Emma Juch Wellman, and others. There have been exhibitions of paintings by Mr. Orlando Rouland, Mr. Arthur Davies, and Mr. Ben-Ali Haggin; talks by Mr. E. H. Blashfield and Mr. Herbert Adams, upon aspects of painting and sculpture; the reading of an unforgettable poem, addressed to MacDowell, by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder; and a remarkably complete, persuasive, and beautiful exemplification of the possibilities of the arts in combination, in the shape of some exquisite tableaux arranged by Mr. John W. Alexander, accompanied by illustrative readings by Mrs. Le Moyne, and by some of MacDowell's music played by Miss Deyo.

It is, even now, a record which gives promise of an ultimately achieved fulfilment of the purposes of an artist who served his art with unvarying steadfastness, dignity, and ardor; and it is capable of almost unlimited development.

Ballade Song

WHEN twilight's purples pass to gray
And stars emerge in majesty,
When Night's dim fingers close the day
And all is hush and ecstasy,—
From the fond homes of Memory,
In immemorial murmuring,
Supreme, illusive, comes to me
The song that I shall never sing.

The words allure, delude, delay,
Kiss, captivate, combine, agree,
Flash, quiver, tantalize, and play,
Then soar in matchless harmony:—
I thrill with unconjectured glee
To catch the final faultless ring,—
When sudden fades, and utterly,
The song that I shall never sing.

The voice of bird from budding spray,
When winter dies by spring's decree,—
The flush and perfume of the May,
Which quicken meadow, field, and
tree,—
Vague throbs of far-heard melody,
The perfect poise of perfect wing,
Are hints of what might chance to be
The song that I shall never sing.

ENVOY

Friend, I would give all else for fee,
If by the forfeit I could bring
To my poor brain the power to free
The song that I shall never sing.

A. T. SCHUMANN.



THE ARCH AT COPPA'S
Decorations by Aitken

San Francisco's Famous Bohemian Restaurant*

By MABEL CROFT DEERING

*Eeny, meeny, minee, moe,
A fig for Care and a fig for Woe.*

IMAGINE two attenuated figures sitting at a table, one of them holding up two fingers, not for Zwei Bier, alas! but for two figs which a waiter bears aloft on a spinning tray—all that poor Care and Woe can afford!

In such delightful foolery have the wall frescoes at Coppa's, San Francisco's famous Bohemian restaurant, been done. There is no central idea; there is no general scheme of decoration. Everything was done just by chance and on the spur of the moment, and no panel has anything at all to do with

any other panel. On the one next to dull Care, for instance, is a very rotund man eating macaroni underneath the legend, "Paste makes waist."

The mural decoration of Coppa's is a delightful illustration of the amateur spirit, for the entire work was a labor of love. The story of it is interesting. Coppa is a fat and locally famous chef who learned the divine art of feeding in Turin, with a post graduate course in Paris. He came to San Francisco years ago by way of Guatemala, where there are many good appetites. For a while he cooked at Martinelli's, the Italian café in San Francisco's Latin Quarter where many gourmets gathered in an older day, and where Paderewski always dines when he visits the far West. From there Coppa went to the old Poodle Dog, and at last set up in business for himself. Though a past

* Written some months ago this article on Coppa's famous restaurant is particularly interesting from the fact that it is the only downtown restaurant in San Francisco unharmed by the earthquake or fire, and is the only building standing in what is known as the Latin Quarter.

master of the cuisine his business was not as successful as his ragouts. Something seemed to be the matter.

In all his wanderings through other men's kitchens, however, there was one faithful little coterie which followed Coppa, and when he finally settled in a tiny place of his own these faithful ones became the nucleus of his trade. They were artists and writers for the most part, many of them members of the Bohemian Club, and though they were not rich they were appreciative.

One day about a year ago the Bohemian Club gave an exhibition of fine photographs which were displayed on a screen of gray cartridge paper twenty-five feet long by ten feet high. The day after the pictures were removed from the screen a number of Bohemians worked far into the night ornamenting this virgin surface with grotesque caricatures of club members. Some of these were pleasant and some of them were not, but they made a sensation. The material used was kindergarten chalk in various colors.

That night at Coppa's one of the artists remarked to Felix, Coppa's young and good-looking partner, "It's fearfully dark here, old man. Why don't you have some light?"

"We're going to," said Felix. "We are going to have new paper and more lights and be fixed up fine."

"Great" said one of the fellows. "Get gray paper, Coppa, and we'll fix it up for you. Like the screen," he remarked to his table companions.

One Monday when the faithful came to dine they found the little Montgomery Street café lined with hideous bright red paper with an impossible moulding of red and gold, and Coppa rubbing his plump hands with delight.

"Awful," said the artists, while Coppa's face fell. Only the arrival of the ravioli restored the *status quo*.

So Coppa was told to provide kindergarten chalk, which he did in abundance, though not without anxious inquiries as to what they purposed to do to his beautiful red paper.

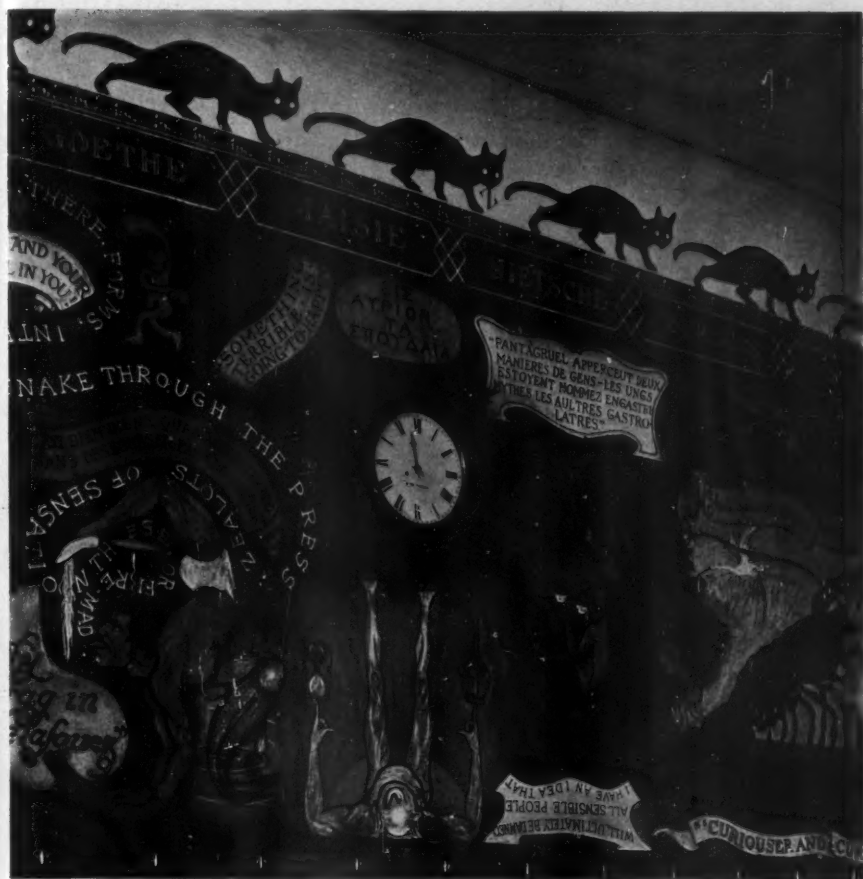
"Never you mind," they said. "It will be all right. You'll like it when it's done."

Queerly enough, Coppa's is closed on Sunday. It is an oddly un-Bohemian custom and results in much loss of patronage, but Coppa likes one day a week in the country.

The first Sunday three men worked. They were Porter Garnett of the *Argonaut* staff, who writes and draws with equal facility; Perry Newberry, a newspaper artist and "Bobby" Aitken, the best-known sculptor of the West, a number of whose statues ornament San Francisco streets and squares, to say nothing of the Spreckels marble music-stand in Golden Gate Park, though his best-known work is probably "Art Lured by Bohemia," which ornaments the Jinks Room of the Bohemian Club.

Coppa had spread a cold luncheon for the willing workers, and, with a touching trust not confined to wall paper, had left the sideboard open. For the three men it was a lark, like the famous publication of that name which was intended merely as a hoax on the public, to last for one issue, and whose year of life made such a stir in the literary world. The three decided to have fun with the Philistines and to let their fancies run away with them. The most inconsequential fooleries began to cover the wall. Nothing had anything to do with anything else, and if you attempt any sort of orderly progression you end in despair.

The first cartoon placed on the wall showed a large continent surrounded by water, and on it a huge red lobster offers a claw to a long-haired man in a corduroy jacket, while a winged head which looks like Shakespeare hovers above. The picture was Porter Garnett's, and the idea is that the lobster and the poet meet on common ground in Bohemia. Mr. Aitken decorated the arch which faces the entrance in fine bold strokes and the spandrels show two nude figures, one of which bears aloft a smoking fowl and the other a fish. A green frog very much flattened forms the keystone of the arch. Literal-minded people gravely survey these figures and say that they are out of drawing, which is part of the joke. Underneath the figures is



FATHER TIME UNDER THE CLOCK

By Porter Garnett

the refrain of a Bohemian song known only to the elect.

That same first day Mr. Newberry contributed two figures, arms about waists, wandering up Telegraph Hill in the moonlight. As Coppa's is in the very shadow of the Hill this bit of realism may be considered as reminiscent of transient after-dinner affections.

After their fit tremendous burst of energy, the frescoes languished, the artistic enthusiasm leaked away, and Coppa thought he was destined to go through life with only part of his

beautiful red wall paper spoiled by pastels which would n't wash off. The Spring and Summer, when all grasshoppers wish to dance, came on, the beautiful California country beckoned to the artists and poets, and it was some time before they worked again. One day the enthusiastic fit came back. Xavier Martinez, a picturesque-looking, impressionist-painting Mexican artist returned from his native country where he had been sketching, and, being an old patron of Coppa's, he fell in enthusiastically with the idea. One of the best panels at the left of the



"BEFORE THE GRINGO CAME"

entrance had been reserved for Martinez, and his first work showed two figures, typical of the Latin Quarter of Paris, where Martinez spent five years, during which time he was the favorite of Whistler and Carriere and, among other things, did illustrations for *Gil Blas*. These typical figures, a man and a woman, are at either side of a big mirror of the conventional sort, but there is nothing conventional about the next panel, which is also the work of Martinez. It is called "Before the Gringo Came," after Gertrude Atherton's novel, and shows a table at Coppas in the good old days before conventionality came to sample Coppas's dishes and to ogle the Bohemians.

A number of men appear in the picture, all portraits. There are three women, but these are said to be "just anybody," though one might wager something and not lose. The men are Martinez, Newberry, Garnett, Sterling, who wears a laurel crown for his "Testimony of the Suns," Gelett Bur-

gess, Lafler, editor of the *Argonaut*, and Maynard Dixon, painter of Arizona scenes and frontier life. One man clasps a girl about the waist, not noticing that her free hand presses that of another man. A girl with a crown of Titian hair smokes a cigarette with Maynard Dixon. It all suggests Mimi and Musetta.

All this freedom and easiness has disappeared. The place is proper enough now if it ever were anything else. "We used to sing and talk, you know," the Bohemians say regretfully. It is their own fault; their pictures made Coppas's one of the sights of the town and put the place in the class with Madame Begue's in New Orleans, and that Parisian cafe decorated by students of the Latin Quarter under the direction of Florence Lundborg. You are likely to be turned away from Coppas's unless you have bespoken a table, and Coppas beams as he counts the shekels his pictures and his shabby friends have brought him.

The gulf between those who go to Coppas's because it is "the thing" and those who have always gone there forms the theme of another cartoon by Garnett, in which a lady with a lorgnon says to her evening-coated escort, "Freaks?" He replies, "Yes, artists," to which the long-haired ones at a neighboring table are saying, "Rastaquoueres? Oui, cretins." Rastaquoueres, in the Latin Quarter, it may be explained, meant originally a Philistine who hailed from southern countries.

In July, Gelett Burgess arrived from the eastern states and the decorations at Coppas's received a new impetus. Burgess added several Goop panels in his characteristic style. He also contributed the "Josephine est morte," after a Latin Quarter song. Josephine is, of course, a Goop. Burgess also suggested a number of quotations.

These quotations, which dot the walls but have nothing to do with the pictures, range from heaven to hell and back again. They are intentionally cryptic and "designed to keep the Philistine guessing." As a matter of fact they range from Rabelais to Alice in Wonderland, taking in Kant by the



CARTOON BY SPENCER WRIGHT

way, and the best-read man in the world would be puzzled by some of them. There is, for instance, the "Something terrible is going to happen" from Oscar Wilde's "Salome," and Whistler's famous retort when classed with Velasquez, "Why drag in Velasquez?" "It is a crime" is from Martinez's unpublished conversations, and the literary miner may dig up for himself, "O love, dead, and your adjectives still in you" and "You cannot argue with the choice of the soul."

The blue-eyed vampire, sated at her feet,
Smiles bloodily against the leprous moon.

is from an unpublished poem by George Sterling, and is not likely to be in demand as a motto for the ordinary *salle à manger*.

Besides these, there are numberless bits from Villon, naturally popular

with these unconventional diners, from Verlaine and other vagabond poets, many of them in the picturesque French of other times. One of the ideas was to have as many languages represented as possible—also to the bewilderment of the stranger—and beside Hebrew there appears in the Greek character above the clock, "Business to-morrow." The clock, by the way, is supported on the soles of the feet of Father Time who, lying on his back, spins an hour-glass on one hand, a Chianti bottle on the other.

The Goop who represents the muse of nonsense, placed there by the author of the Purple Cow, beams across the room at a baby in a high chair. The baby has the tangled black mane of Martinez and his flaunting red tie. His milk bottle contains Martinez's favorite tipple, absinthe, and the

infant is bawling lustily, "I want my Tagliarini."

Above all this miscellany of quotation and illustration is a frieze of prowling black cats, all headed in one direction. 'Tis queer how these figures seem to be moving, as though they walked on a roof, looking in through attic windows at Pierrot and Columbine. As a matter of fact, the cats were designed by Martinez, a stencil was made, and the cats were applied on the wall. In spite of the strong similarity each cat seems to have an individuality, and several have eyeballs painted in. These cats are all to have gold paper eyes—some day. Below the cats are a string of names—the Coppa Temple of Fame. The delightful thing about these names is the juxtaposition of the past great with the shifting present. The names follow in their order: Aristotle, Newberry, Velasquez, Isabel I., Dante, Martinez, Villon, Buttsky, Rabelais, Garnett, Goethe, Maisie, Nietzsche, Burgess, Whistler, Lafer, Sappho, Sterling, Verlaine, Aitken.

Could anything be more grotesque than the juxtaposition of Maisie and Goethe? Of course it is to be expected that the eternal feminine would press close to the famous lover, but "Maisie" is such an inconsequential name—such a legacy from a sentimental mother. "Maisie" is the "Christian" name of a young woman who does magazine work in San Francisco, and who is a great favorite with the little group which has made Coppa's famous. "Buttsky" is the nickname of the wife of one of the decorators, and Isabel I. was a well-known San Francisco newspaper woman now in New York, who was known during her western sojourn as the queen of Bohemia. She still lives as Isabel the First. In the Temple of Fame Nietzsche was misspelled, but in the claws of the cat above, taken out by force, no doubt, may be seen the missing "Z." The cat above Dante's name casts most languishing eyes at the Italian poet

below and has been christened "Beatrice."

I said that one must secure a table in advance if one would not be turned away from Coppa's, but there is one table at which there is always room. It is a rectangular table, almost in the middle of the room, and at it the original patrons of the place dine. There may be ten persons standing up and but two Bohemians at this table, but the other seats remain sacredly empty. At this table are often to be seen the men who decorated the wall, including Spencer Wright, who does bookbinding and who contributed the "Eeny, meeny, minee, moe," Anna Strunsky, who collaborated with Jack London in the Kempton-Wace Letters—an enthusiastic little Russian nihilist—London, himself, Lafer of the *Argonaut*, and a few newspaper men who have been admitted to the inner circle. They and they alone may add to the company at the "Round Table."

Straying in by chance you might think that you had discovered the original of Du Maurier's Little Billee or the prototypes for Rudolpho and his friends from La Boheme, so strange are the clothes, so unfamiliar the talk. If you glance at the ceiling you will see black footprints there—footprints which approach the Bohemian table at an orderly pace. Apparently the owner of the feet sees something interesting, for his steps suddenly lengthen and, in a trice, his feet are cuddled beside a much smaller pair of soles and you see the marks of chair-legs drawn close together. The prints of the chair-legs ornament the ceiling at a point which is just above the Bohemian table.

If you be too polite to stare, you may listen to the conversation at this interesting table.

Sometimes the talk does not scintillate because the worry of daily bread sits on the Bohemian brow; but suddenly the cloud lifts, glasses clink, and some one proposes a toast and all goes merrily again.

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Holman Hunt's Pre-Raphaelitism

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S two large and interesting volumes* are avowedly iconoclastic in purpose. He prepares his readers at the start for rather desperate measures and for an account of the Pre-Raphaelites that shall differ from all others and place the Brotherhood on a new footing before the world, which continues to regard it with mild but certain interest. It is almost a disappointment, therefore, to find that, while Mr. Hunt has conscientiously been painting in his background, most of the facts he has to set forth have leaked out in one form and another, and it must be owned that his strenuous denial of Rossetti's authority among the Brothers reads a little ungenerously and wears the disagreeable look of surplusage. It already quite generally has been conceded, I think, that Rossetti was not typically a Pre-Raphaelite, a point upon which Mr. Hunt lays stress, and it is also known that Hunt and Millais were the first to make a compact to go to nature for teaching. This going to nature, too, is what most people now understand by Pre-Raphaelitism—certainly there are few readers of intelligence who confound the movement with the mediævalism which Rossetti displayed in his early designs. What is not, perhaps, so well known is the fact stated by Mr. Hunt that both he and Rossetti agreed at the start in thinking that "a man's work must be the reflex of a living image in his own mind, and not the icy double of the facts themselves. It will be seen that we were never realists," he adds. "I think art would have ceased to have the slightest interest for any of us had the object been only to make a representation, elaborate or unelaborate, of a fact in nature. . . . In agreeing to use the utmost elaboration in painting our first pictures, we never meant more than to insist that the practice was essential

for training the eye and hand of the young artist; we should not have admitted that the relinquishment of this habit of work by a matured painter would make him less a Pre-Raphaelite." Truly enough the little band, with the exception perhaps of Millais, were never realists, but when Rossetti himself threw off to a degree the habit of representing minute detail, he threw off all that united him to the Brethren, and became the one painter of his generation who used his art to express a strongly poetic intelligence. If he never produced a great work, tried by the standard of the masters, he at least never produced any work which did not contain both a pictorial and a poetic idea, and he never failed to impress those ideas with adequate subordination of any detail that might interfere with them. If Millais was the painter of the group, Rossetti indubitably was the poet, and there is no one now likely to quarrel with the designation of Mr. Hunt as the Pre-Raphaelite, *par excellence*. Perhaps he was always the only exclusively Pre-Raphaelite painter in England in the sense he gives to the term. To release his fellows from the long misplaced badge is probably as much a matter of justice to them as to the ideal for which, at heart, they did not stand. And at the present date there is certainly no necessity of standing out against Mr. Hunt's earnest affirmation that Rossetti was not the leader of the movement. That Millais and Hunt were the leaders, that they, by continuing to exhibit in the face of detraction, bore the heat of the day, that Rossetti showed little "corporate spirit" in retiring from public exhibitions and in separating himself at the beginning from the Brotherhood, exhibiting his picture in advance of their pictures and in another gallery, must of course be conceded by all open-minded persons, and requires no special discussion. That Rossetti was indebted almost solely to Hunt and hardly at

* "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," By Holman Hunt. Macmillan, 2 vols., \$20.00.

all to Madox Brown for guidance "through the portals of original picture-painting in oil" is very interesting as must be any statement regarding the early training of a man of genius. "He might possibly, in course of time, and after many mischances, have got through this dreaded gate, but had he not been very closely, thoughtfully, and affectionately guided by me, hour by hour, in my studio for seven or eight months, I unhesitatingly maintain that he could not ever have appeared as a painter in 1849, and not even in 1850, if ever. The nature of the service he received from his successive masters can best be judged by considering the two oil studies done under Brown, one a copy of 'Angels Watching the Crown of Thorns,' the other from the group of bottles which had driven Gabriel to desperation before he came to me, and which, some years afterwards, he partly transformed in idle mood by the addition of a female on a couch in the background. Any intelligent person can compare them with 'The Girlhood of the Virgin' painted under my auspices, and they may then estimate whether Brown's course of instruction or mine most led to Rossetti's becoming a master in his art. That the drilling I prescribed was so successful arose greatly, beyond doubt, from his own unswerving energy and determination." This puts the case clearly and positively enough, and there is little chance hereafter that Mr. Hunt will be denied the honor—by no means an empty one—of having been, for one important year, Rossetti's master. It is not entirely pertinent, but it is tempting to consider what might have been if Fantin-Latour, instead of the leader of the Pre-Raphaelites, had stood by Rossetti's side at this time of the young Italian's impressionable period; if, instead of toiling over wet-white technique, Rossetti had been inspired to emulate the beautiful limpid painting of Fantin. No doubt the result would have been much the same. If Rossetti had not sufficiently the pure painter's sense to get himself out from a bad method into a good one he had, nevertheless, too much individuality to

make it fair to lay at the door of others the contraction of his genius.

As for the rest of the book—the parts that have nothing to do with setting right the popular conception of that boyish revolution of more than half a century ago—it would be difficult to imagine anything more wonderful than its detail, more astounding than its naïve elaboration. As a record of indefatigable labor, of persistent painstaking, of the "dogged as does it" that universally commands respect from the Anglo-Saxon race, the pages inspire something almost like pity. If, as many of us now believe, Pre-Raphaelitism even in its unperverted significance was not the right track for the student of art to follow, it is fairly terrible to count in retrospect the cost of following it for so devoted a pilgrim. Mr. Hunt reveals the progress step by step, from the time that he, at the age of four, made a paint brush from a lock of his hair, through all the subsequent years of disappointment, effort, and self-reliance. That he multiplied his difficulties by his travels to the East for the purpose of studying local types and local conditions for his religious paintings is a characteristic feature of his struggle towards truth of representation. His stories of poverty and real physical hardship have in them no suggestion of self-pity. It was in the day's work for him to go without meat from a mixture of economy and Shelley-worship, just as it was a matter of course for him to risk theft and assault and the deadly plague to put the right kind of sky behind his Scapegoat, and make sure of the anatomy of his dead camel.

The tone of the long narrative is by no means that of gloom, and as the celebrities of the author's later acquaintance are brought in—almost as informally as Rossetti was in the habit of bringing in school companions to share Hunt's meagre dinners—a certain dry humor enlivens the plentiful anecdote. We see Tennyson very clearly cut against the contemporary background and apparently greatly enjoying his own "unflinching truthfulness of nature." This sublimely dis-

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agreeable quality was in full force upon the occasion of a festivity which was sprung upon the would-be recluse by Mrs. Prinsep. "Mrs. Prinsep took occasion to present a gentleman as 'the Editor of the *Midnight Beacon*.' Tennyson silently blinked at him with his head craned. The lady felt need of overcoming the awkwardness of the position and ejaculated, 'Mr. Tennyson is delighted to make your acquaintance!' Tennyson, with the stranger still standing waiting, turned to Mrs. Prinsep and said inquiringly, but without petulance, 'What made you say that? I did not say that I was delighted to make his acquaintance'; and this query dispersed the little group with the best grace each could assume, leaving Tennyson unintended master of the situation." Later at dinner the poet addressed his sonorous voice to Hunt, who was sitting opposite, saying, "In this company there ought to be Lady Somers, whose beauty I have heard so much extolled. I can't see her anywhere; is she here?" Hunt found himself in some embarrassment at the necessity of answering such a question aloud, but he did his best. Tennyson soon showed perplexity, put up his right hand, and wavered it from side to side, saying, "Your voice sounds like the piping of a little bird in the storm." A quite different story is told of Thackeray. Some of Thackeray's old school-fellows were to dine together on a Wednesday evening and he was besought to join them. He declined on the plea of being behind hand with his writing, and having set aside that Wednesday to go down to some quiet lodgings he had taken for the purpose and "make big innings." On the way home from the dinner the party drove up to these lodgings and shouted Thackeray's name under the one lighted window. "Very calm and terribly sober" he came to the door and let them in, and upstairs on the table they beheld a writing-pad with some sheets of note paper on the table, the upper sheet bearing about twelve lines of Thackeray's neat, small writing, with a blank space at the bottom. He was promptly charged with having given

up his pleasure to no purpose, and sadly admitted that it was true. The teller of the tale concluded by asking Hunt, with indignation, if he called *that* being a genius!

Taking the book as a whole, it seems, despite its prolixity, curiously incomplete. As the history of a movement in art it is a failure, since through the multiplicity of its detail we lose the general effect—the forest, minute as in itself it is, cannot be seen for the trees. The reason perhaps lies in the fact that, according to Mr. Hunt, there really was no movement to record. At the end of his thousand pages, he frankly remarks: "It is stultifying in writing a history of Pre-Raphaelitism to be compelled to avow that our impulsively formed Brotherhood was a tragic failure almost from the beginning, and that we became the victims of the indiscretions of our allies." So far as we can detach a general impression of the ideal for which the young Millais and the young Hunt stood, it combined the breaking with conventionalism, the return to nature as a model, and the negation of mediævalism. The last point is that which Mr. Hunt most fervently presses, and it is of course the one which separates him most completely from Rossetti. But what really placed Rossetti apart from his fellows was not his mediævalism or his faithlessness to the principles of the P. R. B. It was his great imagination. We may doubt in all sincerity whether, if he had waited properly to exhibit together with his Brethren in the Academy, and loyally had abstained from disclosing the meaning of the cabalistic letters to the jeering public, if no one had published his influence upon his companions as, rightly or wrongly, his brother conceived it, he would not still have remained in men's minds as the "leader of the Pre-Raphaelites." So great is the power of imagination that it constitutes in itself a priority with which facts of time and theory have little to do. However much, for example, Thomas Lodge might make us believe that Shakespeare was not the original and only creator of "As You Like It"; it would be difficult for him to make us feel it.

The Lion and the Mouse:

A Story of American Life To-Day*

By CHARLES KLEIN

Novelized from the Play, by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

"*The Lion and the Mouse*," by Mr. Charles Klein, is the most successful play produced in New York in many years. Only its own author has touched its record, for in "*The Music Master*" he has written a play that has run through two seasons without any falling off in popularity. "*The Lion and the Mouse*" was accepted by Mr. Henry B. Harris as soon as he had finished reading the manuscript. He saw its possibilities, got his company together, and produced it at the Lyceum Theatre, where it has been running "to capacity" since its production in the early fall; and it is likely to run on into next season, with only a short intermission in the summer to give the actor's a much needed rest. Soon after the success of the play in New York a company was sent to Chicago, where it was played to packed houses for four weeks. On the last day of the engagement occurred something unprecedented in theatrical annals, three performances being given in one day—at eleven in the morning, two in the afternoon, and again at night. This success was repeated in San Francisco the company getting away only a few days before the earthquake.

One reason for the great success of "*The Lion and the Mouse*" is that it bears so directly on an exciting topic of the day—trusts and their makers. No one could see the play without realizing its adaptability to the purposes of a novel. Mr. Arthur Hornblow, the editor of the *Theatre Magazine*, was one of the first to realize its book possibilities, and in collaboration with the author he has made this "novelization"—to use an awkward but useful word.

THE CRITIC has been fortunate enough to secure the serial rights in this story, of which unusually large instalments will be printed beginning with the present issue. The reader will not have to wait longer than three months to get the whole story.

I

THERE was unwonted bustle in the usually sleepy and dignified New York offices of the Southern and Transcontinental Railroad Company in lower Broadway. The supercilious, well-groomed clerks who, on ordinary days, are far too preoccupied with their own personal affairs to betray the slightest interest in anything not immediately concerning them, now condescended to bestir themselves and, gathered in little groups, conversed in subdued, eager tones. The slim, nervous fingers of half a dozen haughty stenographers, representing as many different types of business femininity, were busily rattling

the keys of clicking typewriters, each of their owners intent on reducing with all possible despatch the mass of letters which lay piled up in front of her. Through the heavy plate-glass swinging doors, leading to the elevators and thence to the street, came and went an army of messengers and telegraph boys, noisy and insolent.

Through the open windows the hoarse shouting of news-venders, the rushing of elevated trains, the clanging of street-cars, with an occasional feverish dash of an ambulance—all these familiar noises of a great city had the far-away sound peculiar to top floors of the modern sky-scraper. The day was warm and sticky, as is not uncommon in early

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May, and the overcast sky and a distant rumbling of thunder promised rain before night.

The big express elevators, running smoothly and swiftly, unloaded every few moments a number of prosperous-looking men who, chatting volubly and affably, made their way immediately through the outer offices towards another and larger inner office on the glass door of which was the legend "Directors' Room. Private." Each comer gave a patronizing nod in recognition of the deferential salutation of the clerks. Earlier arrivals had preceded them, and as they opened the door there issued from the Directors' Room a confused murmur of voices, each different in pitch and tone, some deep and deliberate, others shrill and nervous, but all talking earnestly and with animation as men do when the subject under discussion is of common interest. Now and again a voice was heard high above the others, denoting anger in the speaker, followed by the pleading accents of the peace-maker, who was arguing his irate colleague into calmness. At intervals the door opened to admit other arrivals, and through the crack was caught a glimpse of a dozen directors, some seated, some standing near a long table covered with green baize.

It was the regular quarterly meeting of the directors of the Southern and Transcontinental Railroad Company, but it was something more than mere routine that had called out a quorum of such strength and which made to-day's gathering one of extraordinary importance in the history of the road. That the business on hand was of the greatest significance was easily to be inferred from the concerned and anxious expression on the directors' faces and the eagerness of the employes as they plied each other with questions.

"Suppose the injunction is sustained?" asked a clerk in a whisper. "Is not the road rich enough to bear the loss?"

The man he addressed turned impatiently to the questioner:

"That's all you know about railroad-ing. Don't you understand that this suit we have lost will be the entering

wedge for hundreds of others? The very existence of the road may be at stake. And between you and me," he added in a lower key, "with Judge Rossmore on the bench we never stood much show. It's Judge Rossmore that scares 'em, not the injunction. They've found it easy to corrupt all the other Supreme Court judges, but Judge Rossmore is one too many for them. You could no more bribe him than you could have bribed Abraham Lincoln."

"But the newspapers say that he, too, has been caught accepting \$50,000 worth of stock for that decision rendered in the Great Northwestern case?"

"Lies! All those stories are lies," replied the other emphatically. Then looking cautiously around to make sure no one overheard, he added contemptuously: "The big interests fear him and they're inventing these lies to try to injure him. They might as well try to blow up Gibraltar. The fact is the public is seriously aroused this time and the railroads are in a panic."

It was true. The railroad, which heretofore had considered itself superior to law, had found itself checked in its career of outlawry and oppression. The railroad, this modern octopus of steam and steel that stretches its greedy tentacles out over the land had at last been brought to book.

At first, when the country was in the earlier stages of its development, the railroad appeared in the guise of a public benefactor. It brought to the markets of the East the produce of the South and West. It opened up new and inaccessible territory and made oases of waste places. It brought to the city coal, lumber, food, and other prime necessities of life, taking back to the farmer and the woodsman in exchange, clothes and other manufactured goods. Thus, little by little, the railroad wormed itself into the affections of the people and gradually became an indispensable part of the life it had itself created. Tear up the railroad and life itself is extinguished.

So, when the railroad found it could not be dispensed with, it grew dissatisfied with the size of its earnings. Legitimate profits were not enough. Its directors cried out for bigger dividends

and from then on the railroad became a conscienceless tyrant, fawning on those it feared and crushing without mercy those who were defenceless. It raised its rates for hauling freight, discriminating against certain localities without reason or justice, and favoring other points where its own interests lay. By corrupting government officials and other unlawful methods it appropriated lands, and there was no escape from its exactions and brigandage. Other roads were built, and for a brief period there was held out the hope of relief that invariably comes from honest competition. But the railroad either absorbed its rivals or pooled interests with them, and thereafter there were several masters instead of one.

Soon the railroads began to war among themselves, and in a mad scramble to secure business at any price they cut each other's rates and unlawfully entered into secret compacts with certain big shippers, permitting the latter to enjoy lower freight rates than their competitors. The smaller shippers were soon crushed out of existence in this way. Competition was throttled and prices went up, making the railroad barons richer and the people poorer. That was the beginning of the giant Trusts, the greatest evil American civilization has yet produced, and one which, unless checked, will inevitably lead this country into the throes of civil strife.

From out this quagmire of corruption and rascality emerged the Colossus, a man so stupendously rich and with such unlimited powers for evil that the world has never looked upon his like. The fabled Cræsus, whose fortune was estimated at only eight millions in our money, was a pauper compared with John Burkett Ryder, whose holdings no man could count, but which were approximately estimated at a thousand millions of dollars. The railroads had created the Trust, the ogre of corporate greed, of which Ryder was the incarnation, and in time the Trust became master of the railroads, which, after all, seemed but retributive justice.

John Burkett Ryder, the richest man in the world—the man whose name had spread to the farthest corners of the

earth because of his wealth, and whose money, instead of being a blessing, promised to become not only a curse to himself but a source of dire peril to all mankind—was a genius born of the railroad age. No other age could have brought him forth; his peculiar talents fitted exactly the conditions of his time. Attracted early in life to the newly discovered oil fields of Pennsylvania, he became a dealer in the raw product and later a refiner, acquiring with capital, laboriously saved, first one refinery, then another. The railroads were cutting each other's throats to secure the freight business of the oil men, and John Burkett Ryder saw his opportunity. He made secret overtures to the road guaranteeing a vast amount of business if he could get exceptionally low rates, and the illegal compact was made. His competitors, undersold in the market, stood no chance, and one by one they were crushed out of existence. Ryder called these manoeuvres "business"; the world called them brigandage. But the Colossus prospered and slowly built up the foundations of the extraordinary fortune which is the talk and the wonder of the world to-day. Master now of the oil situation, Ryder succeeded in his ambition of organizing the Empire Trading Company, the most powerful, the most secretive, and the most wealthy business institution the commercial world has known.

Yet with all this success John Burkett Ryder was still not content. He was now a rich man, richer by many millions than he ever dreamed he could ever be, but still he was unsatisfied. He became money mad. He wanted to be richer still, to be the richest man in the world, the richest man the world had ever known. And the richer he got the stronger the idea grew upon him with all the force of a morbid obsession. He thought of money by day, he dreamt of it at night. No matter by what questionable device it was to be procured, more gold and more must flow into his already overflowing coffers. So each day, instead of spending the rest of his years in peace, in the enjoyment of the wealth he had accumulated, he went down-town like any twenty-

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dollar-a-week clerk to the tall building in lower Broadway and, closeted with his associates, toiled and plotted to make more money.

He acquired vast copper mines and secured control of this and that railroad. He had invested heavily in the Southern and Transcontinental road and was chairman of its board of directors. Then he and his fellow conspirators planned a great financial coup. The millions were not coming in fast enough. They must make a hundred millions at one stroke. They floated a great mining company to which the public was invited to subscribe. The scheme having the endorsement of the Empire Trading Company no one suspected a snare, and such was the magic of John Ryder's name that gold flowed in from every point of the compass. The stock sold away above par the day it was issued. Men deemed themselves fortunate if they were even granted an allotment. What matter if, a few days later, the house of cards came tumbling down, and a dozen suicides were strewn along Wall Street, that sinister thoroughfare which, as a wit has said, has a graveyard at one end and the river at the other! Had Ryder any twinges of conscience? Hardly. Had he not made a cool twenty millions by the deal?

Yet this commercial pirate, this Napoleon of finance, was not a wholly bad man. He had his redeeming qualities, like most bad men. His most pronounced weakness, and the one that had made him the most conspicuous man of his time, was an entire lack of moral principle. No honest or honorable man could have amassed such stupendous wealth. In other words, John Ryder had not been equipped by Nature with a conscience. He had no sense of right, or wrong, or justice where his own interests were concerned. He was the prince of egoists. On the other hand, he possessed qualities which, with some people, count as virtues. He was pious and regular in his attendance at church and, while he had done but little for charity, he was known to have encouraged the giving of alms by the members of his family, which con-

sisted of a wife, whose timid voice was rarely heard, and a son Jefferson, who was the destined successor to his gigantic estate.

Such was the man who was the real power behind the Southern and Transcontinental Railroad. More than any one else Ryder had been aroused by the present legal action, not so much for the money interest at stake as that any one should dare to thwart his will. It had been a pet scheme of his, this purchase for a song, when the land was cheap, of some thousand acres along the line, and it is true that at the time of the purchase there had been some idea of laying the land out as a park. But real-estate values had increased in astonishing fashion, the road could no longer afford to carry out the original scheme, and had attempted to dispose of the property for building purposes, including a right of way for a branch road. The news, made public in the newspapers, had raised a storm of protest. The people in the vicinity claimed that the railroad secured the land on the express condition of a park being laid out, and in order to make a legal test they had secured an injunction, which had been sustained by Judge Rossmore of the United States Circuit Court.

These details were hastily told and re-told by one clerk to another as the babel of voices in the inner room grew louder, and more directors kept arriving from the ever-busy elevators. The meeting was called for three o'clock. Another five minutes and the chairman would rap for order. A tall, strongly built man with white moustache and kindly smile emerged from the Directors' Room and, addressing one of the clerks, asked:

"Has Mr. Ryder arrived yet?"

The alacrity with which the employé hastened forward to reply would indicate that his interlocutor was a person of more than ordinary importance.

"No, Senator, not yet. We expect him any minute." Then with a deferential smile he added: "Mr. Ryder usually arrives on the stroke, sir."

The senator gave a nod of acquiescence and, turning on his heel, greeted

with a grasp of the hand and affable smile his fellow-directors as they passed in by twos and threes.

Senator Roberts was in the world of politics what his friend John Burkett Ryder was in the world of finance—a leader of men. He began life in Wisconsin as an errand boy, was educated in the public schools, and later became clerk in a dry-goods store, finally going into business for his own account on a large scale. He was elected to the Legislature, where his ability as an organizer soon won the confidence of the men in power, and later was sent to Congress, where he was quickly initiated in the game of corrupt politics. In 1885 he entered the United States Senate. He soon became the acknowledged leader of a considerable majority of the Republican senators, and from then on he was a power to be reckoned with. A very ambitious man with a great love of power and few scruples, it is little wonder that only the practical or dishonest side of politics appealed to him. He was in politics for all there was in it and he saw in his lofty position only a splendid opportunity for easy graft.

He was not slow to enter into such alliances with corporate interests seeking influence at Washington as would enable him to accomplish this purpose, and in this way he had met and formed a strong friendship with John Burkett Ryder. Each being a master in his own field was useful to the other. Neither was troubled with qualms of conscience, so they never quarrelled. If the Ryder interests needed anything in the Senate, Roberts and his followers were there to attend to it. Just now the cohort was marshalled in defence of the railroads against the attacks of the new Rebate bill. In fact, Ryder managed to keep the Senate busy all the time. When, on the other hand, the senators wanted anything—and they often did—Ryder saw that they got it, lower rates for this one, a fat job for that one, not forgetting themselves. Senator Roberts was already a very rich man, and although the world often wondered where he got it, no one had the courage to ask him.

But the Republican leader was stirred with an ambition greater than that of

controlling a majority in the Senate. He had a daughter, a marriageable young woman who, at least in her father's opinion, would make a desirable wife for any man. His friend Ryder had a son, and this son was the only heir to the greatest fortune ever amassed by one man, a fortune which, at its present rate of increase, by the time the father died and the young couple were ready to inherit, would probably amount to over *six billions of dollars*. Could the human mind grasp the possibilities of such a colossal fortune? It staggered the imagination. Its owner, or the man who controlled it, would be master of the world. Was not this a prize any man might well set himself out to win? The senator was thinking of it now as he stood exchanging banal remarks with the men who accosted him. If he could only bring off that marriage he would be content. The ambition of his life would be attained. There was no difficulty as far as John Ryder was concerned. He favored the match and had often spoken of it. Indeed, Ryder desired it, for such an alliance would naturally further his business interests in every way. Roberts knew that his daughter Kate had more than a liking for Ryder's handsome son. Moreover, Kate was practical, like her father, and had sense enough to realize what it would mean to be the mistress of the Ryder fortune. No, Kate was all right, but there was Master Jefferson to reckon with. It would take two in this case to make a bargain.

Jefferson Ryder was, in truth, an entirely different man from his father. It was difficult to realize that both had sprung from the same stock. A college-bred boy with all the advantages his father's wealth could give him, he had inherited from the parent only those characteristics which would have made him successful even if born poor—activity, pluck, application, dogged obstinacy, alert mentality. To these qualities he added what his father sorely lacked—a high notion of honor, a keen sense of right and wrong. He had the honest man's contempt for meanness of any description, and he had little patience with

the lax so-called business morals of the day. For him a dishonorable or dishonest action could have no apologist, and he could see no difference between the crime of the hungry wretch who stole a loaf of bread and the coal baron who systematically robbed both his employes and the public. In fact, had he been on the bench he would probably have acquitted the human derelict who, in despair, had appropriated the prime necessary of life, and sent the over-fed conscienceless coal baron to jail.

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." This simple and fundamental axiom Jefferson Ryder had adopted early in life, and it had become his religion, the only one, in fact, that he had. He was never pious like his father, a fact much regretted by his mother, who could see nothing but eternal damnation in store for her son because he never went to church and professed no orthodox creed. She knew him to be a good lad, but to her simple mind a conduct of life based merely on a system of moral philosophy was the worst kind of paganism. There could, she argued, be no religion, and assuredly no salvation, outside the dogmatic teachings of the Church. But otherwise Jefferson was a model son and, with the exception of this bad habit of thinking for himself on religious matters, really gave her no anxiety. When Jefferson left college, his father took him into the Empire Trading Company with the idea of his eventually succeeding him as head of the concern, but the different views held by father and son on almost every subject soon led to stormy scenes that augured anything but well for the continuation of the arrangement. Senator Roberts was well aware of these unfortunate independent tendencies in John Ryder's son, and while he devoutly desired the consummation of Jefferson's union with his daughter, he quite realized that the young man was a nut that was going to be exceedingly hard to crack.

"Hello, Senator, you're always on time."

Disturbed in his reflections, Senator Roberts looked up and saw the extended hand of a red-faced, corpulent man,

one of the directors. He was no favorite with the senator, but the latter was too keen a man of the world to make enemies uselessly, so he condescended to place two fingers in the outstretched fat palm.

"How are you, Grimsby? Well, what are we going to do about this injunction? The case has gone against us. I knew Judge Rossmore's decision would be for the other side. Public opinion is aroused. The press——"

Mr. Grimsby's red face grew more apoplectic as he blurted out:

"Public opinion and the press be d——d. Who cares for public opinion? What is public opinion, anyhow? This road can manage its own affairs or it can't. If it can't I for one quit railroading. The press! Pshaw! It's all graft, I tell you. It's nothing but a strike! I never knew one of these virtuous outbursts that was n't. First the newspapers bark ferociously to advertise themselves; then they crawl round and whine like a cur. And it usually costs something to fix matters."

The senator smiled grimly.

"No, no, Grimsby—not this time. It's more serious than that. Hitherto the road has been unusually lucky in its bench decisions——"

The senator gave a covert glance round to see if any long ears were listening. Then he added:

"We can't expect always to get a favorable decision like that in the Cartwright case, when franchise rights valued at nearly five millions were at stake. Judge Stollman proved himself a true friend in that affair."

Grimsby made a wry grimace as he retorted:

"Yes, and it was worth it to him. A Supreme Court judge don't get a cheque for \$20,000 every day. That represents two years' pay."

"It might represent two years in jail if it were found out," said the senator, with a forced laugh.

Grimsby saw an opportunity, and he could not resist the temptation. Bluntly he said:

"As far as jail's concerned, others might be getting their deserts there too."

The senator looked keenly at Grimsby from under his white eyebrows. Then in a calm, decisive tone he replied:

"It's no question of a cheque this time. The road could not buy Judge Rossmore with \$200,000. He is absolutely unapproachable in that way."

The apoplectic face of Mr. Grimsby looked incredulous.

It was hard for these men who plotted in the dark, and cheated the widow and the orphan for love of the dollar, to understand that there were in the world, breathing the same air as they, men who put honor, truth, and justice above mere money-getting. With a slight tinge of sarcasm he asked:

"Is there any man in our public life who is unapproachable from some direction or other?"

"Yes, Judge Rossmore is such a man. He is one of the few men in American public life who takes his duties seriously. In the strictest sense of the term, he serves his country instead of serving himself. I am no friend of his, but I must do him that justice."

He spoke sharply, in an irritated tone, as if resenting the insinuation of this vulgarian that every man in public life had his price. Roberts knew that the charge was true as far as he and the men he consorted with were concerned, but sometimes the truth hurts. That was why he had for a moment seemed to champion Judge Rossmore which, seeing that the judge himself was at that very moment under a cloud, was an absurd thing for him to do.

He had known Rossmore years before when the latter was a city magistrate in New York. That was before he, Roberts, had become a political grafter and when the decent things in life still appealed to him. The two men, although having few interests in common, had seen a good deal of one another until Roberts went to Washington when their relations were completely severed. But he had always watched Rossmore's career, and when he was made a judge of the Supreme Court at a comparatively early age he was sincerely glad. If anything could have convinced Roberts that success can come in public life to a man who pursues it by honest

methods it was the success of James Rossmore. He could never help feeling that Rossmore had been endowed by Nature with certain qualities which had been denied to him, above all that ability to walk straight through life with skirts clean which he had found impossible himself. To-day Judge Rossmore was one of the most celebrated judges in the country. He was a brilliant orator and a splendid after-dinner speaker. He was considered the most learned and able of all the members of the judiciary, and his decisions were noted as much for their fearlessness as for their wisdom. But what was far more, he enjoyed a reputation for absolute integrity. Until now, no breath of slander, no suspicion of corruption, had ever touched him. Even his enemies acknowledged that. And that is why there was a panic to-day among the directors of the Southern and Transcontinental Railroad. This honest, upright man had been called upon in the course of his duty to decide matters of vital importance to the road, and the directors were ready to stampede because, in their hearts, they knew the weakness of their case and the strength of the judge.

Grimsby, unconvinced, returned to the charge.

"What about these newspaper charges? Did Judge Rossmore take a bribe from the Great Northwestern or did n't he? You ought to know."

"I do know," answered the senator cautiously and somewhat curtly, "but until Mr. Ryder arrives I can say nothing. I believe he has been inquiring into the matter. He will tell us when he comes."

The hands of the large clock in the outer room pointed to three. An active, dapper little man with glasses and with books under his arm passed hurriedly from another office into the Directors' Room.

"There goes Mr. Lane with the minutes. The meeting is called, Where's Mr. Ryder?"

There was a general move of the scattered groups of directors towards the committee room. The clock overhead began to strike. The last stroke

had not quite died away when the big swinging doors from the street were thrown open and there entered a tall, thin man, gray-headed, and with a slight stoop, but keen-eyed and alert. He was carefully dressed in a well-fitting frock coat, white waistcoat, black tie, and silk hat.

It was John Burkett Ryder, the Colossus.

II

At fifty-five, John Burkett Ryder was surprisingly well preserved. With the exception of the slight stoop, already noted, and the rapidly thinning snow-white hair, his step was as light and elastic, and his brain as vigorous and alert, as in a man of forty. Of old English stock, his physical make-up presented all those strongly marked characteristics of our race which, sprung from Anglo-Saxon ancestry, but modified by nearly three hundred years of different climate and customs, has produced the distinct and true American type, as easily recognizable among the family of nations as any other of the earth's children. Tall and distinguished-looking, Ryder would have attracted attention anywhere. Men who have accomplished much in life usually bear plainly upon their persons the indefinable stamp of achievement, whether of good or evil, which renders them conspicuous among their fellows. We turn after a man in the street and ask, Who is he? And nine times out of ten the object of our curiosity is a man who has made his mark—a successful soldier, a famous sailor, a celebrated author, a distinguished lawyer, or even a notorious crook.

There was certainly nothing in John Ryder's outward appearance to justify Lombroso's sensational description of him: "A social and physiological freak, a degenerate and a prodigy of turpitude who, in the pursuit of money, crushes with the insensibility of a steel machine every one who stands in his way." On the contrary, Ryder, outwardly at least, was a prepossessing-looking man. His head was well-shaped, and he had an intellectual brow,

while power was expressed in every gesture of his hands and body. Every inch of him suggested strength and resourcefulness. His face, when in good humor, frequently expanded in a pleasant smile, and he had even been known to laugh boisterously, usually at his own stories, which he rightly considered very droll, and of which he possessed a goodly stock. But in repose his face grew stern and forbidding, and when his prognathous jaw, indicative of will-power and bull-dog tenacity, snapped to with a click-like sound, those who heard it knew that squalls were coming.

But it was John Ryder's eyes that were regarded as the most reliable barometer of his mental condition. Wonderful eyes they were, strangely eloquent and expressive, but their most singular feature was that they possessed the uncanny power of changing color like a cat's. When their owner was at peace with the world, and had temporarily shaken off the cares of business, his eyes were of the most restful, beautiful blue, like the sky after sunrise on a Spring morning, and looking into their serene depths it seemed absurd to think that this man could ever harm a fly. His face, while under the spell of this kindly mood, was so benevolent and gentle, so frank and honest, that you felt there was nothing in the world—purse, honor, wife, child—that, if needs be, you would not entrust to his keeping.

When this period of truce was ended, when the plutocrat was once more absorbed in dominating the political as well as the industrial machinery of the nation, then his eyes took on a snakish, greenish hue, and one could plainly read in them the cunning, the avariciousness, the meanness, the insatiable thirst for gain that had made this man the most unscrupulous money-getter of his time. But his eyes had still another color, and when this last transformation took place those dependent on him, and even his friends, quaked with fear. For they were his eyes of anger. On these dreaded occasions his eyes grew black as darkest night and flashed fire as lightning rends the thunder-cloud. Almost ungovernable fury was, indeed,

the weakest spot in John Ryder's armor, for in these moments of appalling wrath he was reckless of what he said or did—friendship, self-interest, prudence—all were sacrificed.

Such was the Colossus on whom all eyes were turned as he entered. Instantly the conversations stopped as by magic. The directors nudged each other and whispered. Instinctively, Ryder singled out his crony, Senator Roberts, who advanced with effusive gesture:

"Hello, Senator!"

"You're punctual as usual, Mr. Ryder. I never knew you to be late!"

The great man chuckled, and the little men standing around, listening breathlessly, chuckled in respectful sympathy, and they elbowed and pushed one another in their efforts to attract Ryder's notice, like so many cowardly hyenas not daring to approach the lordly wolf. Senator Roberts made a remark in a low tone to Ryder, whereupon the latter laughed. The bystanders congratulated each other silently. The great man was pleased to be in a good humor. And as Ryder turned with the senator to enter the Directors' Room the light from the big windows fell full on his face, and they noticed that his eyes were of the softest blue.

"No squalls to-day," whispered one.

"Wait and see," retorted a more experienced colleague. "Those eyes are more fickle than the weather."

Outside the sky was darkening, and drops of rain were already falling. A flash of lightning presaged the coming storm.

Ryder passed on and into the Directors' Room, followed by Senator Roberts and the other directors, procession being brought up by the dapper little secretary bearing the minutes.

The long room, with its narrow centre table covered with green baize, was filled with directors scattered in little groups and all talking at once with excited gesture. At the sight of Ryder the chattering stopped as if by common consent, and the only sound audible was of the shuffling of feet and the

moving of chairs as the directors took their places around the long table.

With a nod here and there Ryder took his place in the chairman's seat and rapped for order. Then at a sign from the chair the dapper little secretary began in a monotonous voice to read the minutes of the previous meeting. No one listened, a few directors yawned. Others had their eyes riveted on Ryder's face, trying to read there if he had devised some plan to offset the crushing blow of this adverse decision, which meant a serious loss to them all. He, the master mind, had served them in many a like crisis in the past. Could he do so again? But John Ryder gave no sign. His eyes, still of the same restful blue, were fixed on the ceiling watching a spider marching with diabolical intent on a wretched fly that had become entangled in its web. And as the secretary ambled monotonously on, Ryder watched and watched until he saw the spider seize the helpless prey and devour it. Fascinated by the spectacle, which doubtless suggested to him some analogy to his own methods, Ryder sat motionless, his eyes fastened on the ceiling, until the sudden stopping of the secretary's reading aroused him and told him that the minutes were finished. Quickly they were approved, and the chairman proceeded as rapidly as possible with the regular business routine. That disposed of, the meeting was ready for the chief business of the day. Ryder then calmly proceeded to present the facts in the case.

Some years back the road had acquired as an investment some thousands of acres of land located in the outskirts of Auburndale, on the line of their road. The land was bought cheap, and there had been some talk of laying part of it out as a public park. This promise had been made at the time in good faith, but it was no condition of the sale. If, afterwards, owing to the rise in the value of real estate, the road found it impossible to carry out the original idea, surely they were masters of their own property! The people of Auburndale thought differently and, goaded on by the local newspapers, had begun action in the

courts to restrain the road from diverting the land from its alleged original purpose. They had succeeded in getting the injunction, but the road had fought it tooth and nail and finally carried it to the Supreme Court, where Judge Rossmore, after reserving his opinion, had finally upheld the injunction and decided against the railroad. That was the situation, and he would now like to hear from the members of the board.

Mr. Grimsby rose. Self-confident and noisily loquacious, as most men of his class are in simple conversation, he was plainly intimidated at speaking before such a crowd. He did not know where to look nor what to do with his hands, and he shuffled uneasily on his feet, while streams of nervous perspiration ran down his fat face, which he mopped repeatedly with a big colored handkerchief. At last, taking courage, he began:

"Mr. Chairman, for the past ten years this road has made bigger earnings in proportion to its carrying capacity than any other railroad in the United States. We have had fewer accidents, less injury to rolling stock, less litigation and bigger dividends. The road has been well managed and,"—here he looked significantly in Ryder's direction,—“there has been a big brain behind the manager. We owe you that credit, Mr. Ryder!”

Cries of “Hear! Hear!” came from all round the table.

Ryder bowed coldly, and Mr. Grimsby continued:

“But during the last year or two things have gone wrong. There has been a lot of litigation, most of which has gone against us, and it has cost a heap of money. It reduced the last quarterly dividend very considerably, and the new complication—this Auburndale suit, which also has gone against us—is going to make a still bigger hole in our exchequer. Gentlemen, I don't want to be a prophet of misfortune, but I'll tell you this—unless something is done to stop this hostility in the courts you and I stand to lose every cent we have invested in the road. This suit which we have just lost means a hundred others. What I

would ask our chairman is what has become of his former good relations with the Supreme Court, what has become of his influence, which never failed us? What are these rumors regarding Judge Rossmore? He is charged in the newspapers with having accepted a present from a road in whose favor he handed down a very valuable decision. How is it that this road cannot reach Judge Rossmore and make him presents?”

The speaker sat down, flushed and breathless. The expression on every face showed that the anxiety was general. The directors glanced at Ryder, but his face was expressionless as marble. Apparently he took not the slightest interest in this matter which so agitated his colleagues.

Another director rose. He was a better speaker than Mr. Grimsby, but his voice had a hard, rasping quality that smote the ears unpleasantly. He said:

“Mr. Chairman, none of us can deny what Mr. Grimsby has just put before us so vividly. We are threatened not with one, but with a hundred such suits, unless something is done either to placate the public or to render its attacks harmless. Rightly or wrongly, the railroad is hated by the people, yet we are only what railroad conditions compel us to be. With the present fierce competition, no fine question of ethics can enter into our dealings as a business organization. With an irritated public and press on one side, and a hostile judiciary on the other, the outlook certainly is far from bright. But is the judiciary hostile? Is it not true that we have been singularly free from litigation until recently, and that most of the decisions were favorable to the road? Judge Rossmore is the real danger. While he is on the bench the road is not safe. Yet all efforts to reach him have failed and will fail. I do not take any stock in the newspaper stories regarding Judge Rossmore. They are preposterous. Judge Rossmore is too strong a man to be got rid of so easily.”

The speaker sat down and another rose, his arguments being merely a reiteration of those already heard. Ryder did not listen to what was being said.

Why should he? Was he not familiar with every possible phase of the game? Better than these men who merely talked, he was planning how the railroad and all his other interests could get rid of this troublesome judge.

It was true. He who controlled legislatures and dictated to Supreme Court judges had found himself powerless when each turn of the legal machinery had brought him face to face with Judge Rossmore. Suit after suit had been decided against him and the interests he represented, and each time it was Judge Rossmore who had handed down the decision. So for years these two men had fought a silent but bitter duel in which principle on the one side and attempted corruption on the other were the gauge of battle. Judge Rossmore fought with the weapons which his oath and the law directed him to use, Ryder with the only weapons he understood—bribery and corruption. And each time it had been Rossmore who had emerged triumphant. Despite every manœuvre his experience could suggest, notwithstanding every trick that could be played to undermine his credit and reputation, Judge Rossmore stood higher in the country's confidence than when he was first appointed.

So when Ryder found he could not corrupt this honest judge with his gold, he decided to destroy him with calumny. He realized that the sordid methods that had succeeded with other judges would never prevail with Rossmore, so he plotted to take away from this man the one thing he cherished most, even more dearly than wife or daughter—his honor. He would ruin him by defaming his character, and so skilfully would he accomplish his work that the judge himself would realize the hopelessness of resistance. No scruples embarrassed Ryder in arriving at this determination. From his point of view he was fully justified. "Business is business. He hurts my interests; therefore I remove him." So he argued, and he considered it no more wrong to wreck the happiness of this honorable man than he would to have shot a burglar in self-defence. So having thus tranquillized

his conscience he had gone to work in his usual manner, and his success had surpassed his most sanguine expectations.

This is what he had done.

Like many of our public servants whose labors are compensated only in niggardly fashion by an inconsiderate country, Judge Rossmore was a man of but moderate means. His income as Justice of the Supreme Court was \$10,000 a year, but for a man in his position, having a certain appearance to keep up, it little more than kept the wolf from the door. He lived quietly but comfortably in New York City with his wife and his daughter Shirley, an attractive young woman who had graduated from Vassar and had shown a marked taste for literature. The daughter's education had cost a good deal of money, and this, together with life insurance and other incidentals of keeping house in New York, had about taken all he had. But he had managed to save a little, and those years when he could put by a fifth of his salary the judge considered himself lucky. Secretly, he was proud of his comparative poverty. At least the world could never ask him "where he got it."

Ryder was well acquainted with Judge Rossmore's private means. The two men had met at a dinner, and although Ryder had tried to cultivate the acquaintance, he never received much encouragement. Ryder's son Jefferson, too, had met Miss Shirley Rossmore and been much attracted to her, but the father having more ambitious plans for his heir quickly discouraged all attentions in that direction. He himself, however, continued to meet the judge casually, and one evening he contrived to broach the subject of profitable investments. The judge admitted that by careful hoarding and much stinting he had managed to save up a few thousand dollars which he was anxious to invest in something good.

Quick as the keen-eyed vulture swoops down on its prey the wily financier seized the opportunity thus presented. And he took so much trouble in answering the judge's inexperienced questions, and generally made himself

so agreeable that the judge found himself regretting that he and Ryder had, by force of circumstances, been opposed to each other in public life so long. Ryder strongly recommended the purchase of Alaskan Mining stock, a new and booming enterprise which had lately become very active in the market. Ryder said he had reasons to believe that the stock would soon advance, and now there was an opportunity to get it cheap. The judge was sincerely grateful for this apparently disinterested advice, and wrote two letters to Ryder, one in which he thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and another in which he asked him again if he was sure the company was financially sound, as the investment he contemplated making represented all his savings. He added in the second letter that he had received stock for double the amount of his investment and that being a perfect child in business transactions he had been unable to account for the extra \$50,000 worth until the secretary of the company had written him assuring him that everything was in order. These letters Ryder kept.

A few days after he had made the investment the judge was surprised to receive certificates of stock for double the amount he had paid for. At the same time he received a letter from the secretary of the company explaining that the additional stock was pool stock, and not to be marketed at the present time. It was in the nature of a bonus to which he was entitled as one of the early shareholders. The letter was full of verbiage and technical details of which the judge understood nothing, but he thought it very liberal of the company, and putting the stock away in his safe soon forgot all about it. Had he been a business man he would have scented peril. He would have realized that he had now in his possession \$50,000 worth of stock for which he had not paid a cent, and furthermore had deposited it when a reorganization came.

From that time on the Alaskan Mining Company underwent mysterious changes. New capitalists gained

control and the name was altered to the Great Northwestern Mining Company. Then it became involved in litigation, and one suit, the outcome of which meant millions to the company, was carried to the Supreme Court, where Judge Rossmore was sitting. The judge had by this time forgotten all about the company in which he owned stock. He did not even recall its name. He only knew vaguely that it was a mine and that it was situated in Alaska. Could he dream that the Great Northwestern Mining Company and the company to which he had entrusted his few thousands were one and the same? In deciding on the merits of the case presented to him right seemed to him to be plainly with the Mining Company, and he rendered a decision to that effect. It was an important decision, involving a large sum, and for a day or two it was talked about. But as it was the opinion of the most learned and honest judge on the bench no one dreamed of questioning it.

But very soon ugly paragraphs began to appear in the newspapers. One paper asked if it were true that Judge Rossmore owned stock in the Great Northwestern Mining Company which had recently benefited so signally by his decision. Interviewed by a reporter, Judge Rossmore indignantly denied being interested in any way in the company. Thereupon, the same paper returned to the attack stating that the judge must surely be mistaken as the records showed a sale of stock to him at the time the company was known as the Alaskan Mining Company. When he read this the Judge was overwhelmed. It was true then? They had not slandered him. It was he who had lied, but how innocently! how innocently!

His daughter Shirley, who was his greatest friend and comfort, was then in Europe. She had gone to the Continent to rest, after working for months on a novel which she had just published. But to his old and tried friend, ex-Judge Stott, Judge Rossmore explained the facts as they were. Stott shook his head. "It's a conspiracy!"

he cried. "And that man Ryder is behind it." Rossmore refused to believe that any man could so deliberately try to encompass another's destruction, but when more newspaper stories came out he began to realize that Stott was right and that his enemies had indeed dealt him a deadly blow. One newspaper boldly stated that Judge Rossmore was down on the mining company's book for \$50,000 more stock than he had paid for, and it went on to ask if this were payment for the favorable decision just rendered. Rossmore, helpless, child-like as he was in business matters, now fully realized the seriousness of his position. "My God! My God!" he cried, as he bowed his head down on his desk. And for a whole day he remained closeted in his library, no one venturing near him.

As John Ryder sat there sphinx-like at the head of the directors' table he reviewed all this in his mind. His own part in the work was now done and he had come to this meeting to-day to tell them of his triumph.

The speaker, to whom he had paid such scant attention, resumed his seat, and there followed a pause and an intense silence which was broken only by the pattering of the rain against the big windows. The directors turned expectantly to Ryder, waiting for him to speak. What could the Colossus do now to save the situation? Cries of "the Chair! the Chair!" arose on every side. Senator Roberts leaned over to Ryder and whispered something in his ear.

With an acquiescent gesture, John Ryder tapped the table with his gavel and rose to address his fellow-directors. Instantly the room was silent again as the tomb. One might have heard a pin drop, so intense was the attention. All eyes were riveted on the chairman. The air itself seemed charged with electricity, that needed but a spark to set it ablaze.

Speaking deliberately and dispassionately, the Master Dissembler began.

They had all listened carefully, he said, to what had been stated by previous speakers. The situation no doubt was very critical, but they had weathered worse storms and he had every reason to

hope they would outlive this storm. It was true that public opinion was greatly incensed against the railroads and, indeed, against all organized capital, and was seeking to injure them through the courts. For a time this agitation would hurt business and lessen the dividends, for it meant not only smaller annual earnings, but a lot of money which would have to be spent in Washington.

The eyes of the listeners who were hanging on every word involuntarily turned in the direction of Senator Roberts, but the latter, who at that moment was busily engaged in rummaging among a lot of papers, seemed to have missed this significant allusion to the road's expenses in the District of Columbia. Ryder continued:

In his experience such waves of reform were periodical and soon wear themselves out, when things go on just as they did before. Much of the agitation, doubtless, was a strike for graft. They would have to go down in their pockets, he supposed, and then these yellow newspapers and these yellow magazines that were barking at their heels would let them go. But in regard to the particular case now at issue—this Auburndale decision—there had been no way of preventing it. Influence had been used, but to no effect. The thing to do now was to prevent any such disasters in the future by removing the author of them.

The directors bent eagerly forward. Had Ryder really got some plan up his sleeve after all? The faces around the table looked brighter, and the directors cleared their throats and settled themselves down in their chairs as audiences do in the theatre when the drama is reaching its climax.

The board, continued Ryder with icy calmness, had perhaps heard, and also seen in the newspapers, the stories regarding Judge Rossmore and his alleged connection with the Great Northwestern Mining Company. Perhaps, they had not believed these stories. It was only natural. He had not believed them himself. But he had taken the trouble to inquire into the matter very carefully, and he regretted to say that the stories were true. In fact, they were no longer

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denied by Judge Rossmore himself.

The directors looked at each other in amazement. Gasps of astonishment, incredulity, satisfaction were heard all over the room. The rumors were true, then. Was it possible? Incredible!

Investigation, Ryder went on, had shown that Judge Rossmore was not only interested in the company in whose favor, as Judge of the Supreme Court, he had rendered an important decision, but what was worse, he had accepted from that company a valuable gift—that is \$50,000 worth of stock—for which he had given absolutely nothing in return unless, as some claimed, the weight of his influence on the bench. These facts were very ugly and so unanswerable that Judge Rossmore did not attempt to answer them, and the important news which he, Ryder had to announce to his fellow-directors that afternoon, was that Judge Rossmore's conduct would shortly be made the subject of an inquiry by Congress.

This was the spark that was needed to ignite the electrically charged air. A wild cry of triumph went up from this band of jackals only too willing to fatten their bellies at the cost of another man's ruin, and one director, in his enthusiasm, rose excitedly in his chair and demanded a vote of thanks for John Ryder.

Ryder coldly opposed the motion. No thanks were due to him, he said deprecatingly, nor did he think the occasion called for congratulations of any kind. It was surely a sad spectacle to see this honored judge, this devoted father, this blameless citizen threatened with ruin and disgrace on account of one false step. Let them rather sympathize with him and his family in their misfortune. He had little more to tell. The Congressional inquiry would take place immediately, and in all probability a demand would be made upon the Senate for Judge Rossmore's impeachment. It was, he added, almost unnecessary for him to remind the Board that, in the event of impeachment, the adverse decision in the Auburndale case would be annulled and the road would be entitled to a new trial.

Ryder sat down, and pandemonium broke loose, the delighted directors tumbling over each other in their eagerness to shake hands with the man who had saved them. Ryder had given no hint that he had been a factor in the working up of this case against their common enemy, in fact he had appeared to sympathize with him, but the directors knew well that he and he alone had been the master mind which had brought about the happy result.

On a motion to adjourn, the meeting broke up, and every one began to troop towards the elevators. Outside, the rain was now coming down in torrents, and the lights that everywhere dotted the great city only paled when every few moments a vivid flash of lightning rent the enveloping gloom.

Ryder and Senator Roberts went down in the elevator together. When they reached the street the Senator inquired in a low tone:

"Do you think they really believed Rossmore was influenced in his decision?"

Ryder glanced from the lowering clouds overhead to his electric brougham which awaited him at the curb and replied indifferently:

"Not they. They don't care. All they want to believe is that he is to be impeached. The man was dangerous and had to be removed—no matter by what means. He is our enemy—my enemy—and I never give quarter to my enemies."

As he spoke, his prognathous jaw snapped to with a click-like sound, and in his eyes now coal-black were glints of fire. At the same instant there was a blinding flash, accompanied by a terrific crash, and the splinters of the flag-pole on the building opposite, which had been struck by a bolt, fell at their feet.

"A good or a bad omen?" asked the Senator, with a nervous laugh. He was secretly afraid of lightning, but was ashamed to admit it.

"A bad omen for Judge Rossmore!" rejoined Ryder coolly, as he slammed to the door of the cab, and the two men drove rapidly off in the direction of Fifth Avenue.

III

Of all the spots on this fair, broad earth where the jaded globe-wanderer, surfeited with hackneyed sight-seeing, may sit in perfect peace and watch the world go by, there is none more fascinating nor one presenting a more brilliant panorama of cosmopolitan life than that famous corner on the Paris boulevards, formed by the angle of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Place de l'Opéra. Here, on the "terrace" of the Café de la Paix, with its white and gold façade and long French windows, and its innumerable little marble-topped tables and rattan chairs, one may sit for hours at the trifling expense of a few *sous*, undisturbed even by the tip-seeking *garçon*, and, if one happens to be a student of human nature, find keen enjoyment in observing the world-types, representing every race and nationality under the sun, that pass and re-pass in a steady, never ceasing, exhaustless stream. The crowd surges to and fro past the little tables, occasionally toppling over a chair or two in the crush, moving up or down the great boulevards, one procession going to the right, in the direction of the Church of the Madeleine, the other to the left, heading toward the historic Bastille, both really going nowhere in particular, but ambling gently and good humoredly along enjoying the sights—and life!

Paris, queen of cities! Light-hearted, joyous, radiant Paris! The playground of the nations, the Mecca of the pleasure-seekers, the city beautiful! Paris—the siren, frankly immoral, always seductive, ever caressing! City of a thousand political convulsions, city of a million crimes—her streets have run with human blood, horrors unspeakable have stained her history, civil strife has scarred her monuments, the German conqueror insolently has bivouacked within her walls. Yet, like a virgin undefiled, she shows no sign of storm and stress, she offers her dimpled cheek to the rising sun, and when fall the shadows of night and a billion electric bulbs flash in the siren's crown, her resplendent, matchless beauty dazzles the world!

As the supreme reward of virtue, the good American is promised a visit to Paris when he dies. Those, however, of our sagacious fellow-countrymen who can afford to make the trip, usually manage to see Lutetia before crossing the river Styx. Most Americans like Paris—some like it so well that they have made it their permanent home—although it must be added that in their admiration they rarely include the Frenchman. For that matter, we are not as a nation particularly fond of any foreigner, largely because we do not understand him, while the foreigner for his part is quite willing to return the compliment. He gives the Yankee credit for commercial smartness, which has built up America's great material prosperity; but he has the utmost contempt for our acquaintance with art, and no profound respect for us as scientists.

Is it not indeed fortunate that every nation finds itself superior to its neighbor? If this were not so each would be jealous of the other, and would cry with envy like a spoiled child who cannot have the moon to play with. Happily, therefore, for the harmony of the world, each nation cordially detests the other, and the much exploited "brotherhood of man" is only a figure of speech. The Englishman, confident that he is the last word of creation, despises the Frenchman, who, in turn, laughs at the German, who shows open contempt for the Italian, while the American, conscious of his superiority to the whole family of nations, secretly pities them all.

The most serious fault which the American—whose one god is Mammon and chief characteristic hustle—has to find with his French brother is that he enjoys life too much, is never in a hurry, and, what to the Yankee mind is hardly respectable, has a habit of playing dominoes during business hours. The Frenchman retorts that his American brother, clever person though he be, has one or two things still to learn. He has, he declares, no philosophy of life. It is true that he has learned the trick of making money, but in the things which go to satisfy the soul he is still strangely lacking. He thinks he is en-

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joying life, when really he is ignorant of what life is. He admits it is not the American's fault, for he has never been taught how to enjoy life. One must be educated to that as everything else. All the American is taught is to be in a perpetual hurry and to make money no matter how. In this mad daily race for wealth he bolts his food, not stopping to masticate it properly, and consequently suffers all his life from dyspepsia. So he rushes from the cradle to the grave, and what's the good, since he must one day die like all the rest?

And what, asks the foreigner, has the American hustler accomplished that his slower-going Continental brother has not done as well? Are finer cities to be found in America than in Europe, do Americans paint more beautiful pictures, or write more learned or more entertaining books, has America made greater progress in science? Is it not a fact that the greatest inventors and scientists of our time—Marconi who gave to the world wireless telegraphy, Professor Curie who discovered radium, Pasteur who found a cure for rabies, Santos Dumont who has almost succeeded in navigating the air, Professor Röntgen who discovered the X-ray—are not all these immortals Europeans? And those two greatest mechanical inventions of our day, the automobile and the submarine boat, were they not first introduced and perfected in France before we in America woke up to appreciate their use? Is it, therefore, not possible to take life easily and still achieve?

The logic of these arguments, set forth in *Le Soir* in an article on the New World, appealed strongly to Jefferson Ryder as he sat in front of the Café de la Paix, sipping a sugared vermouth. It was five o'clock, the magic hour of the *aperitif*, when the glutton taxes his wits to deceive his stomach and work up an appetite for renewed gorging. The little tables were all occupied with the usual before-dinner crowd. There were a good many foreigners, mostly English and Americans and a few Frenchmen, obviously from the provinces, with only a sprinkling of real Parisians.

Jefferson's acquaintance with the French language was none too profound, and he had to guess at half the words in the article, but he understood enough to follow the writer's arguments. Yes, it was quite true, he thought, the American idea of life was all wrong. What was the sense of slaving all one's life, piling up a mass of money one cannot possibly spend, when there is only one life to live? How much saner the man who is content with enough and enjoys life while he is able to. These Frenchmen, and indeed all the Continental nations, had solved the problem. The gaiety of their cities, and this exuberant joy of life they communicated to all about them, were sufficient proofs of it.

Fascinated by the gay scene around him Jefferson laid the newspaper aside. To the young American, fresh from prosaic money-mad New York, the City of Pleasure presented indeed a novel and beautiful spectacle. How different, he mused, from his own city with its one fashionable thoroughfare—Fifth Avenue—monotonously lined for miles with hideous, brownstone residences, and showing little real animation except during the Saturday afternoon parade when the interests of the smart set, male and female, centred chiefly in such exciting diversions as going to Huyler's for soda, taking tea at the Waldorf, and trying to outdo each other in dress and show. New York certainly was a dull place with all its boasted cosmopolitanism. There was no denying that. Destitute of any natural beauty, handicapped by its cramped geographical position between two rivers, made unsightly by gigantic sky-scrappers and that noisy monstrosity, the Elevated Railroad, having no interests in anything not immediately connected with dollars, it was a city to dwell in and make money in, but hardly a city to *live* in. The millionaires were building white-marble palaces, taxing the ingenuity and the originality of the native architects, and thus to some extent relieving the general ugliness and drab commonplaceness, while the merchant princes had begun to invade the lower end of the avenue with handsome shops. But in

spite of all this, in spite of its pretty girls—and Jefferson insisted that in this one important particular New York had no peer—in spite of its comfortable theatres and its wicked Tenderloin, and its Rialto made so brilliant at night by thousands of elaborate electric signs, New York still had the subdued air of a provincial town, compared with the exuberant gaiety, the multiple attractions, the beauties, natural and artificial, of cosmopolitan Paris.

The boulevards were crowded, as usual at that hour, and the crush of both vehicles and pedestrians was so great as to permit of only a snail-like progress. The clumsy three-horse omnibuses—Madeleine-Bastille—crowded inside and out with passengers and with their neatly uniformed drivers and conductors, so different in appearance and manner from our own slovenly street-car rowdies, were endeavoring to breast a perfect sea of *fiacres* which, like a swarm of mosquitoes, appeared to be trying to go in every direction at once, their drivers vociferating torrents of vituperous abuse on every man, woman, or beast unfortunate enough to get in their way. As a dispenser of unspeakable profanity, the Paris *cocher* has no equal. He is unique, no one can approach him. He also enjoys the reputation of being the worst driver in the world. If there is any possible way in which he can run down a pedestrian or crash into another vehicle he will do it, probably for the reason that it gives him another opportunity to display his choice stock of picturesque expletives.

But it was a lively, good-natured crowd and the fashionably gowned women and the well-dressed men, the fakirs hoarsely crying their catch-penny devices, the noble boulevards lined as far as the eye could reach with trees in full foliage, the magnificent Opera House with its glided dome glistening in the warm sunshine of a June afternoon, the broad avenue directly opposite, leading in a splendid straight line to the famous Palais Royal, the almost dazzling whiteness of the houses and monuments, the remarkable cleanliness and excellent condition of the sidewalks and streets, the gaiety and richness of

the shops and restaurants, the picturesque kiosks where they sold newspapers and flowers—all this made up a picture so utterly unlike anything he was familiar with at home that Jefferson sat spellbound, delighted.

Yes, it was true, he thought, the foreigner had indeed learned the secret of enjoying life. There was assuredly something else in the world beyond mere money-getting. His father was a slave to it, but he would never be. He was resolved on that. Yet, with all his ideas of emancipation and progress, Jefferson was a thoroughly practical young man. He fully understood the value of money and the possession of it was as sweet to him as to other men. Only he would never soil his soul in acquiring it dishonorably. He was convinced that society as at present organized was all wrong and that the feudalism of the middle ages had simply given place to a worse form of slavery—capitalistic driven labor, which had resulted in the actual iniquitous conditions, the enriching of the rich and the impoverishment of the poor. He was familiar with the socialistic doctrines of the day and had taken a keen interest in this momentous question, this dream of a regenerated mankind. He had read Karl Marx and other socialistic writers, and while his essentially practical mind could hardly approve all their programme for reorganizing the State, some of which seemed to him utopian, extravagant, and even undesirable, he realized that the socialistic movement was growing rapidly all over the world, and the day was not far distant when in America, as to-day in Germany and France, it would be a formidable factor to reckon with.

But until the socialistic millennium arrived and society was reorganized, money, he admitted, would remain the lever of the world, the great stimulus to effort. Money supplied not only the necessities of life but also its luxuries, everything the material desire craved for, and so long as money had this magic purchasing power, so long would men lie and cheat and rob and kill for its possession. Was life worth living without money? Could one

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travel and enjoy the glorious spectacles Nature affords—the rolling ocean, the majestic mountains, the beautiful lakes, the noble rivers—without money? Could the book-lover buy books, the art-lover purchase pictures? Could one have fine houses to live in, or all sorts of modern conveniences to add to one's comfort, without money? The philosophers declared contentment to be happiness, arguing that the hod-carrier was likely to be happier in his hut than the millionaire in his palace, but was not that mere animal contentment, the happiness that knows no higher state, the ignorance of one whose eyes have never been raised to the heights?

No, Jefferson was no fool. He loved money for what pleasure, intellectual or physical, it could give him, but he would never allow money to dominate his life as his father had done. His father, he knew well, was not a happy man, neither happy himself nor respected by the world. He had toiled all his life to make his vast fortune and now he toiled to take care of it. The galley slave led a life of luxurious ease compared with John Burkett Ryder. Baited by the yellow newspapers and magazines, investigated by State committees, dogged by process-servers haunted by beggars, harassed by blackmailers, threatened by kidnappers, frustrated in his attempts to bestow charity by the cry "tainted money"—certainly the lot of the world's richest man was far from being an enviable one.

That is why Jefferson had resolved to strike out for himself. He had warded off the golden yoke which his father proposed to put on his shoulders, declining the lucrative position made for him in the Empire Trading Company, and he had gone so far as to refuse also the private income his father offered to settle on him. He would earn his own living. A man who has his bread buttered for him seldom accomplishes anything, he had said, and while his father had appeared to be angry at this open opposition to his will, he was secretly pleased at his son's grit. Jefferson was thoroughly in earnest. If needs be, he would forego the

great fortune that awaited him rather than be forced into questionable business methods against which his whole manhood revolted.

Jefferson Ryder felt strongly about these matters, and gave them more thought than would be expected of most young men with his opportunities. In fact, he was unusually serious for his age. He was not yet thirty, but he had done a great deal of reading, and he took a keen interest in all the political and sociological questions of the hour. In personal appearance, he was the type of man that both men and women like—tall and athletic looking, with smooth face and clean-cut features. He had the steel-blue eyes and the fighting jaw of his father, and when he smiled he displayed two even rows of very white teeth. He was popular with men, being manly, frank, and cordial in his relations with them, and women admired him greatly, although they were somewhat intimidated by his grave and serious manner. The truth was that he was rather diffident with women, largely owing to lack of experience with them.

He had never felt the slightest inclination for business. He had the artistic temperament strongly developed, and his personal tastes had little in common with Wall Street and its feverish stock manipulating. When he was younger, he had dreamed of a literary or art career. At one time he had even had thoughts of going on the stage. But it was to art that he turned finally. From an early age he had shown considerable skill as a draughtsman, and later a two-years course at the Academy of Design convinced him that this was his true vocation. He had begun by illustrating for the book publishers and for the magazines, meeting at first with the usual rebuffs and disappointments, but, refusing to be discouraged, he had kept on and soon the tide turned. His drawings began to be accepted. They appeared first in one magazine, then in another, until one day, to his great joy, he received an order from an important firm of publishers for six wash-drawings to be used in illustrating a famous novel. This was the beginning of his real

success. His illustrations were talked about almost as much as the book, and from that time on everything was easy. He was in great demand by the publishers, and very soon the young artist, who had begun his career of independence on nothing a year so to speak, found himself in a handsomely appointed studio in Bryant Park, with more orders coming in than he could possibly fill, and enjoying an income of little less than \$8000 a year. The money was all the sweeter to Jefferson in that he felt he had himself earned every cent of it. This summer he was giving himself a well-deserved vacation, and he had come to Europe partly to see Paris and the other art centres about which his fellow-students at the Academy raved, but principally—although this he did not acknowledge even to himself—to meet in Paris a young woman in whom he was more than ordinarily interested—Shirley Rossmore, daughter of Judge Rossmore, of the United States Supreme Court, who had come abroad to recuperate after the labors on her new novel, "The American Octopus," a book which was then the talk of two hemispheres.

Jefferson had read half a dozen reviews of it in as many American papers that afternoon at the *New York Herald's* reading-room in the Avenue de l'Opéra, and he chuckled with glee as he thought how accurately this young woman had described his father. The book had been published under the pseudonym "Shirley Green," and he alone had been admitted into the secret of authorship. The critics all conceded that it was the book of the year, and that it portrayed with a pitiless pen the personality of the biggest figure in the commercial life of America. "Although," wrote one reviewer, "the leading character in the book is given another name, there can be no doubt that the author intended to give to the world a vivid pen portrait of John Burkett Ryder. She has succeeded in presenting a remarkable character study of the most remarkable man of his time."

He was particularly pleased with the reviews, not only for Miss Rossmore's

sake, but also because his own vanity was gratified. Had he not collaborated on the book to the extent of acquainting the author with details of his father's life, and his characteristics, which no outsider could possibly have learned? There had been no disloyalty to his father in doing this. Jefferson admired his father's smartness, if he could not approve his methods. He did not consider the book an attack on his father, but rather a powerfully written pen picture of an extraordinary man.

Jefferson had met Shirley Rossmore two years before at a meeting of the Schiller Society, a pseudo-literary organization gotten up by a lot of old fogies for no useful purpose, and at whose monthly meetings the poet who gave the society its name was probably the last person to be discussed. He had gone out of curiosity, anxious to take in all the freak shows New York had to offer, and he had been introduced to a tall girl with a pale, thoughtful face and firm mouth. She was a writer, Miss Rossmore told him, and this was also her first visit to the evening receptions of the Schiller Society. Half apologetically she added that it was likely to be her last, for, frankly, she was bored to death. But she explained that she had to go to these affairs, as she found them useful in gathering material for literary use. She studied types and eccentric characters, and this seemed to her a capital hunting-ground. Jefferson, who, as a rule, was timid with girls and avoided them, found this girl quite unlike the others he had known. Her quiet, forceful demeanor appealed to him strongly, and he lingered with her, chatting about his work, which had so many interests in common with her own, until refreshments were served, when the affair broke up. This first meeting had been followed by a call at the Rossmore residence, and the acquaintance had kept up until Jefferson, for the first time since he came to manhood, was surprised and somewhat alarmed at finding himself strangely and unduly interested in a person of the opposite sex.

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his serious outlook on life, his high moral principles, so rarely met with nowadays in young men of his age and class, could hardly fail to appeal to Shirley, whose ideals of men had been somewhat rudely shattered by those she had hitherto met. Above all, she demanded in a man the refinement of the true gentleman, together with strength of character and personal courage. That Jefferson Ryder came up to this standard she was soon convinced. He was certainly a gentleman; his views on a hundred topics of the hour expressed in numerous conversations assured her as to his principles, while a glance at his powerful physique left no doubt possible as to his courage. She rightly guessed that this was no *poseur* trying to make an impression and gain her confidence. There was an unmistakable ring of sincerity in all his words, and his struggle at home with his father and his subsequent brave and successful fight for his own independence and self-respect more than substantiated all her theories. And the more Shirley let her mind dwell on Jefferson Ryder and his blue eyes and serious manner, the more conscious she became that the artist was encroaching more upon her thoughts and time than was good either for her work or for herself.

So their casual acquaintance grew into a real friendship and comradeship. Further than that Shirley promised herself it should never go. Not that Jefferson had given her the slightest hint that he entertained the idea of making her his wife one day, only she was sophisticated enough to know the direction in which run the minds of men who are abnormally interested in one girl, and long before this Shirley had made up her mind that she would never marry. Firstly, she was devoted to her father and could not bear the thought of ever leaving him; secondly, she was fascinated by her literary work and she was practical enough to know that matrimony, with its visions of slippers and cradles, would be fatal to any ambition of that kind. She liked Jefferson immensely, more, perhaps, than any man she had yet met, and she

did not think any the less of him because of her resolve not to get entangled in the meshes of Cupid. In any case he had not asked her to marry him—perhaps the idea was far from his thoughts. Meantime, she could enjoy his friendship freely without fear of embarrassing entanglements.

When, therefore, she first conceived the idea of portraying in the guise of fiction the personality of John Burkett Ryder, the Colossus of finance whose vast and ever-increasing fortune was fast becoming a public nuisance, she naturally turned to Jefferson for assistance. She wanted to write a book that would be talked about, and which at the same time would open the eyes of the public to this growing peril in their midst—this monster of insensate and unscrupulous greed who, by sheer weight of his ill-gotten gold, was corrupting legislators and judges and trying to enslave the nation. The book, she argued, would perform a public service in awakening all to the common danger. Jefferson fully entered into her views and had furnished her with the information regarding his father that she deemed of value. The book had proven a success beyond their most sanguine expectations, and Shirley had come to Europe for a rest after the many weary months of work that it took to write it.

The acquaintance of his son with the daughter of Judge Rossmore had not escaped the eagle eye of Ryder, Sr., and much to the financier's annoyance, and even consternation, he had ascertained that Jefferson was a frequent caller at the Rossmore home. He immediately jumped at the conclusion that this could mean only one thing, and fearing what he termed "the consequences of the insanity of immature minds," he had summoned Jefferson peremptorily to his presence. He told his son that all idea of marriage in that quarter was out of the question for two reasons: One was that Judge Rossmore was his most bitter enemy, the other was that he had hoped to see Jefferson, his destined successor, marry a woman of whom he, Ryder, Sr., could approve. He knew of such a woman,

one who would make a far more desirable mate than Miss Rossmore. He alluded, of course, to Kate Roberts, the pretty daughter of his old friend, the Senator. The family interests would benefit by this alliance, which was desirable from every point of view. Jefferson had listened respectfully until his father had finished and then grimly said that only one point of view had been overlooked—his own. He did not care for Miss Roberts; he did not think she really cared for him. The marriage was out of the question. Whereupon Ryder, Sr., had fumed and raged, declaring that Jefferson was opposing his will as he always did, and ending with the threat that if his son married Shirley Rossmore without his consent he would disinherit him.

Jefferson was cogitating on these incidents of the last few months when suddenly a feminine voice which he quickly recognized called out in English:

"Hallo! Mr. Ryder."

He looked up and saw two ladies, one young, the other middle aged, smiling at him from an open *fiacre* which had drawn up to the curb. Jefferson started from his seat, upsetting his chair and startling two nervous Frenchmen in his hurry, and hastened out, hat in hand.

"Why, Miss Rossmore, what are you doing out driving?" he asked. "You know you and Mrs. Blake promised to dine with me to-night. I was coming round to the hotel in a few moments."

Mrs. Blake was a younger sister of Shirley's mother. Her husband had died a few years previously, leaving her a small income, and when she had heard of her niece's contemplated trip to Europe she had decided to come to Paris to meet her and incidentally to chaperone her. The two women were stopping at the Grand Hotel close by, while Jefferson had found accommodations at the Athenée.

Shirley explained. Her aunt wanted to go to the dressmaker's, and she herself was most anxious to go to the Luxembourg Gardens to hear the music. Would he take her? Then they could meet Mrs. Blake at the hotel at seven o'clock and all go to dinner. Was he willing?

Was he? Jefferson's face fairly glowed. He ran back to his table on the *terrasse* to settle for his Vermouth, astonished the waiter by not stopping to notice the short change he gave him, and rushed back to the carriage.

A dirty little Italian girl, shrewd enough to note the young man's attention to the younger of the American women, wheedled up to the carriage and thrust a bunch of flowers in Jefferson's face.

"*Achetez des fleurs, monsieur, pour la jolie dame?*"

Down went Jefferson's hand in his pocket and, filling the child's hand with small silver, he flung the flowers in the carriage. Then he turned inquiringly to Shirley for instructions so he could direct the *cocher*. Mrs. Blake said she would get out here. Her dressmaker was close by, in the Rue Auber, and she would walk back to the hotel to meet them at seven o'clock. Jefferson assisted her to alight and escorted her as far as the *porte-cochère* of the modiste's, a couple of doors away. When he returned to the carriage, Shirley had already told the coachman where to go. He got in and the *fiacre* started.

"Now," said Shirley, "tell me what you have been doing with yourself all day."

Jefferson was busily arranging the faded carriage rug about Shirley, spending more time in the task perhaps than was absolutely necessary, and she had to repeat the question.

"Doing?" he echoed with a smile, "I've been doing two things—waiting impatiently for seven o'clock and incidentally reading the notices of your book."

"Tell me, what do the papers say?"

Settling herself comfortably back in the carriage, Shirley questioned Jefferson with eagerness, even anxiety. She had been impatiently awaiting the arrival of the newspapers from "home," for so much depended on this first effort. She knew her book had been praised in some quarters, and her publishers had

written her that the sales were bigger every day, but she was curious to learn how it had been received by the reviewers.

In truth, it had been no slight achievement for a young writer of her inexperience, a mere tyro in literature, to attract so much attention with her first book. The success almost threatened to turn her head, she had told her aunt laughingly, although she was sure it could never do that. She fully realized that it was the subject rather than the skill of the narrator that counted in the book's success, also the fact that it had come out at a timely moment, when the whole world was talking of the Money Peril. Had not President Roosevelt, in a recent sensational speech, declared that it might be necessary for the State to curb the colossal fortunes of America, and was not her hero, John Burkett Ryder, the richest of them all? Any way they looked at it, the success of the book was most gratifying.

While she was an attractive, aristocratic-looking girl, Shirley Rossmore had no serious claims to academic beauty. Her features were irregular, and the firm and rather thin mouth lines disturbed the harmony indispensable to plastic beauty. Yet there was in her face something far more appealing—soul and character. The face of the merely beautiful woman expresses nothing, promises nothing. It presents absolutely no key to the soul within, and often there is no soul within to have a key to. Perfect in its outlines and coloring, it is a delight to gaze upon, just as is a flawless piece of sculpture, yet the delight is only fleeting. One soon grows satiated, no matter how beautiful the face may be, because it is always the same, expressionless and soulless. "Beauty is only skin deep," said the philosopher, and no truer dictum was ever uttered. The merely beautiful woman, who possesses only beauty and nothing else, is kept so busy thinking of her looks, and is so anxious to observe the impression her beauty makes on others, that she has neither the time nor the inclination for matters of greater importance. Sensible men,

as a rule, do not lose their hearts to women whose only assets are their good looks. They enjoy a flirtation with them, but seldom care to make them their wives. The marrying man is shrewd enough to realize that domestic virtues will be more useful in his household economy than all the academic beauty ever chiselled out of block marble.

Shirley was not beautiful, but hers was a face that never failed to attract attention. It was a thoughtful and interesting face, with an intellectual brow and large, expressive eyes, the face of a woman who had both brain power and ideals, and yet who, at the same time, was in perfect sympathy with the world. She was fair in complexion, and her fine brown eyes, alternately reflective and alert, were shaded by long dark lashes. Her eyebrows were delicately arched, and she had a good nose. She wore her hair well off the forehead, which was broader than in the average woman, suggesting good mentality. Her mouth, however, was her strongest feature. It was well shaped, but there were firm lines about it that suggested unusual will power. Yet it smiled readily, and when it did there was an agreeable vision of strong, healthy-looking teeth of dazzling whiteness. She was a little over medium height and slender in figure, and carried herself with that unmistakable air of well-bred independence that bespeaks birth and culture. She dressed stylishly, and while her gowns were of rich material, and of a cut suggesting expensive modistes, she was always so quietly attired and in such perfect taste that after leaving her one could never recall what she had on.

At the special request of Shirley, who wanted to get a glimpse of the Latin Quarter, the driver took a course down the Avenue de l'Opéra, that magnificent thoroughfare which starts at the Opéra and ends at the Théâtre Français, and which, like many others that go to the beautifying of the capital, the Parisians owe to the much-despised Napoleon III. The cab, Jefferson told her, would skirt the Palais Royal and follow the Rue de Rivoli until it came to the Châtelet, when it would cross the Seine and drive

up the Boulevard St. Michel—the students' boulevard—until it reached the Luxembourg Gardens. Like most of his kind, the *cocher* knew less than nothing of the art of driving, and he ran a reckless, zig-zag flight, in and out, forcing his way through a confusing maze of vehicles of every description, pulling first to the right, then to the left, for no good purpose that was apparent, and averting only by the narrowest of margins half a dozen bad collisions. At times the *fiacre* lurched in such alarming fashion that Shirley was visibly perturbed, but when Jefferson assured her that all Paris cabs travelled in this crazy fashion and nothing ever happened, she was comforted.

"Tell me," she repeated, "what do the papers say about the book?"

"Say?" he echoed. "Why, simply that you've written the biggest book of the year, that's all!"

"Really! Oh, do tell me all they said!" She was fairly excited now, and in her enthusiasm she grasped Jefferson's broad, sunburnt hand which was lying outside the carriage rug. He tried to appear unconscious of the contact, which made his every nerve tingle, as he proceeded to tell her the gist of the reviews he had read that afternoon.

"Isn't that splendid!" she exclaimed, when he had finished. Then she added quickly:

"I wonder if your father has seen it?"

Jefferson grinned. He had something on his conscience, and this was a good opportunity to get rid of it. He replied laconically.

"He probably has read it by this time. I sent him a copy myself."

The instant the words were out of his mouth he was sorry, for Shirley's face had changed color.

"You sent him a copy of 'The American Octopus'?" she cried. "Then he'll guess who wrote the book."

"Oh, no, he won't," rejoined Jefferson calmly. "He has no idea who sent it to him. I mailed it anonymously."

Shirley breathed a sigh of relief. It was so important that her identity should remain a secret. As daughter of a Supreme Court judge she had to be most careful. She would not embarrass

her father for anything in the world. But it was smart of Jefferson to have sent Ryder, Sr., the book, so she smiled graciously on his son as she asked:

"How do you know he got it? So many letters and packages are sent to him that he never sees himself."

"Oh, he saw your book all right," laughed Jefferson. "I went to the house to say good-bye to him and mother before sailing, and I found him in the library reading it."

They both laughed, feeling like mischievous children who had played a successful trick on the hokey-pokey man. Jefferson noted his companion's pretty dimples and fine teeth, and he thought how attractive she was, and stronger and stronger grew the idea within him that this was the woman who was intended by Nature to share his life. Her slender hand still covered his broad, sunburnt one, and he fancied he felt a slight pressure. But he was mistaken. Not the slightest sentiment entered into Shirley's thoughts of Jefferson. She regarded him only as a good comrade with whom she had secrets she confided in no one else. To that extent, and to that extent alone, he was privileged above other men. Suddenly he asked her:

"Have you heard from home recently?"

A soft light stole into the girl's face. Home! Ah, that was all she needed to make her cup of happiness full. Intoxicated with this new sensation of a first literary success, full of the keen pleasure this visit to the beautiful city was giving her, bubbling over with the joy of life, happy in the almost daily companionship of the man she liked most in the world after her father, there was only one thing lacking—home! She had left New York only a month before, and she was homesick already. Her father she missed most. She was fond of her mother, too, but the latter, being somewhat of a nervous invalid, had never been to her quite what her father had been. The playmate of her childhood, companion of her girlhood, her friend and adviser in womanhood, Judge Rossmore was to his daughter

the ideal man and father. Answering Jefferson's question she said:

"I had a letter from father last week. Everything was going on at home as when I left. Father says he misses me sadly, and that mother is ailing as usual."

She smiled, and Jefferson smiled too. They both knew by experience that nothing really serious ailed Mrs. Rossmore, who was a good deal of a hypochondriac, and always so filled with aches and pains that, on the few occasions when she really felt well, she was genuinely alarmed.

The *fiacre* by this time had emerged from the Rue de Rivoli and was rolling smoothly along the fine wooden pavement in front of the historic Conciergerie prison where Marie Antoinette was confined before her execution. Presently they recrossed the Seine, and the cab, dodging the tram-car rails, proceeded at a smart pace up the "Boule Mich," which is the familiar diminutive bestowed by the students upon that broad avenue which traverses the very heart of their beloved *Quartier Latin*. On the left frowned the scholastic walls of the learned Sorbonne, in the distance towered the majestic dome of the Pantheon where Rousseau, Voltaire, and Hugo lay buried.

Like most of the principal arteries of the French capital, the boulevard was generously lined with trees, now in full bloom, and the sidewalks fairly seethed with a picturesque throng in which mingled promiscuously frivolous students, dapper shop clerks, sober citizens, and frisky, flirtatious little *ouvrières*, these last being all hatless, as is characteristic of the work-girl class, but singularly attractive in their neat black dresses and dainty low-cut shoes. There was also much in evidence another type of female whose extravagance of costume and boldness of manner loudly proclaimed her profession.

On either side of the boulevard were shops and cafés, mostly *cafés*, with every now and then a *brasserie*, or beer hall. Seated in front of these establishments, taking their ease as if beer sampling constituted the only real interest in their lives, were hundreds of students, reckless and dare-devil, and suggesting

almost anything except serious study. They all wore frock coats and tall silk hats, and some of the latter were wonderful specimens of the hatter's art. Some of the more eccentric students had long hair down to their shoulders, and wore baggy peg-top trousers of extravagant cut, which hung in loose folds over their sharp-pointed boots. On their heads were queer plug hats with flat brims.

Shirley laughed outright and regretted that she did not have her kodak to take back to America some idea of their grotesque appearance, and she listened with amused interest as Jefferson explained that these men were notorious *poseurs*, aping the dress and manners of the old-time student as he flourished in the days of Randolph and Mimi and the other immortal characters of Murger's Bohemia. Nobody took them seriously except themselves, and for the most part they were bad rhyesters of decadent verse. Shirley was astonished to see so many of them busily engaged smoking cigarettes and imbibing glasses of a pale-green beverage, which Jefferson told her was absinthe.

"When do they read?" she asked. "When do they attend lectures?"

"Oh," laughed Jefferson, "only the old-fashioned students take their studies seriously. Most of the men you see there are from the provinces, seeing Paris for the first time, and having their fling. Incidentally they are studying life. When they have sown their wild oats and learned all about life—provided they are still alive and have any money left—they will begin to study books. You would be surprised to know how many of these young men, who have been sent to the University at a cost of goodness knows what sacrifices, return to their native towns in a few months wrecked in body and mind, without having once set foot in a lecture room, and, in fact, having done nothing except inscribe their names on the rolls."

Shirley was glad she knew no such men, and if she ever married and had a son she would pray God to spare her that grief and humiliation. She herself knew something about the sacrifices

parents make to secure a college education for their children. Her father had sent her to Vassar. She was a product of the much-sneered-at higher education for women, and all her life she would be grateful for the advantages given her. Her liberal education had broadened her outlook on life and enabled her to accomplish the little she had. When she graduated her father had left her free to follow her own inclinations. She had little taste for social distractions, and still she could not remain idle. For a time she thought of teaching to occupy her mind, but she knew she lacked the necessary patience, and she could not endure the drudgery of it, so, having won honors at college in English composition, she determined to try her hand at literature. She wrote a number of essays and articles on a hundred different subjects which she sent to the magazines, but they all came back with politely worded excuses for their rejection. But Shirley kept right on. She knew she wrote well; it must be that her subjects were not suitable. So she adopted new tactics, and persevered until one day came a letter of acceptance from the editor of one of the minor magazines. They would take the article offered—a sketch of college life—and as many more in similar vein as Miss Rossmore could write. This success had been followed by other acceptances and other commissions, until at the present time she was a well-known writer for the leading publications. Her great ambition had been to write a book, and "The American Octopus," published under an assumed name, was the result.

The cab stopped suddenly in front of beautiful glided gates. It was the Luxembourg, and through the tall railings they caught a glimpse of well-kept lawns, splashing fountains, and richly dressed children playing. From the distance came the stirring strains of a brass band.

The coachman drove up to the curb and Jefferson jumped down, assisting Shirley to alight. In spite of Shirley's protest Jefferson insisted on paying.

"Combien?" he asked the *cocher*.

The jehu, a surly, thick-set man with

a red face and small, cunning eyes like a ferret, had already sized up his fares for two *sacré* foreigners whom it would be flying in the face of Providence not to cheat, so with unblushing effrontery he answered:

"*Dix francs, Monsieur!*" And he held up ten fingers by way of illustration.

Jefferson was about to hand up a ten-franc piece when Shirley indignantly interfered. She would not submit to such an imposition. There was a regular tariff and she would pay that and nothing more. So, in better French than was at Jefferson's command, she exclaimed:

"Ten francs? *Pourquoi dix francs?* I took your cab by the hour. It is exactly two hours. That makes four francs." Then to Jefferson she added: "Give him a franc for a *pourboire*—that makes five francs altogether."

Jefferson, obedient to her superior wisdom, held out a five-franc piece, but the driver shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. He saw that the moment had come to bluster so he descended from his box fully prepared to carry out his bluff. He started in to abuse the two Americans whom in his ignorance he took for English.

"Ah, you *sale Anglais!* You come to France to cheat the poor Frenchman. You make me work all afternoon and then pay me nothing. Not with this *coco!* I know my rights and I'll get them too."

All this was hurled at them in a patois French, almost unintelligible to Shirley, and wholly so to Jefferson. All he knew was that the fellow's attitude was becoming unbearably insolent and he stepped forward with a gleam in his eye that might have startled the man had he not been so busy shaking his fist at Shirley. But she saw Jefferson's movement and laid her hand on his arm.

"No, no, Mr. Ryder—no scandal, please. Look, people are beginning to come up! Leave him to me. I know how to manage him."

With this the daughter of a United States Supreme Court judge proceeded to lay down the law to the representative of the most lazy and irresponsible class of men ever let loose in the streets

of a civilized community. Speaking with an air of authority, she said:

"Now look here, my man, we have no time to bandy words with you. I took your cab at 3.30. It is now 5.30. That makes two hours. The rate is two francs an hour, or four francs in all. We offer you five francs, and this includes a franc *pourboire*. If this settlement does not suit you we will get into your cab and you will drive us to the nearest police-station where the argument can be continued."

The man's jaw dropped. He was obviously outclassed. These foreigners knew the law as well as he did. He had no desire to accept Shirley's suggestion of a trip to the police-station, where he knew he would get little sympathy, so, grumbling and giving vent under his breath to a volley of strange oaths, he grabbed viciously at the five-franc piece Jefferson held out and, mounting his box, drove off.

Proud of their victory, they entered the gardens, following the sweet-scented paths until they came to where the music was. The band of an infantry regiment was playing, and a large crowd had gathered. Many people were sitting on the chairs provided for visitors for the modest fee of two sous; others were promenading round and round a great circle having the musicians in its centre. The dense foliage of the trees overhead afforded a perfect shelter from the hot rays of the sun, and the place was so inviting and interesting, so cool, and so full of sweet perfumes and sounds, appealing to and satisfying the senses, that Shirley wished they had more time to spend there. She was very fond of a good brass band, especially when heard in the open air. They were playing Strauss's *Blue Danube*, and the familiar strains of the delightful waltz were so infectious that both were seized by a desire to get up and dance.

There was constant amusement, too, watching the crowd, with its many original and curious types. There were serious college professors, with gold-rimmed spectacles, buxom *nouris* in their uniform cloaks and long ribbon streamers, nicely dressed children romping merrily but not noisily, more

queer-looking students in shabby frock coats, tight at the waist, trousers too short, and comical hats, stylishly dressed women displaying the latest fashions, brilliantly uniformed army officers strutting proudly, dangling their swords—an attractive and interesting crowd, so different, thought the two Americans, from the cheap, evil-smelling, ill-mannered mob of aliens that invades their own Central Park the days when there is music, making it a nuisance instead of a pleasure. Here every one belonged apparently to the better class; the women and children were richly and fashionably dressed, the officers looked smart in their multi-colored uniforms, and, no matter how one might laugh at the students, there was an atmosphere of good-breeding and refinement everywhere which Shirley was not accustomed to see in public places at home. A sprinkling of workmen and people of the poorer class was to be seen here and there, but they were in the decided minority. Shirley, herself a daughter of the Revolution, was a staunch supporter of the immortal principles of democracy and of the equality of man before the law. But all other talk of equality was the greatest sophistry and charlatanism. There could be no real equality so long as some people were cultured and refined and others were uneducated and vulgar. Shirley believed in an aristocracy of brains and soap. She insisted that no clean person, no matter how good a democrat, should be expected to sit close in public places to persons who were not on speaking terms with the bath-tub. In America this foolish theory of a democracy, which insists on throwing all classes, the clean and the unclean, promiscuously together, was positively revolting, making travelling in the public vehicles almost impossible, and it was not much better in the public parks. In France—also a republic—where they likewise paraded conspicuously the clap-trap "*Égalité, Fraternité*," they managed these things far better. The French lower classes knew their place. They did not ape the dress, nor frequent the resorts of those above them in the social scale.

The distinction between the classes was plainly and properly marked, yet this was not antagonistic to the ideal of true democracy; it had not prevented the son of a peasant from becoming President of the French Republic. Each district in Paris had its own amusements, its own theatres, its own parks. It was not a question of capital refusing to fraternize with labor, but the very natural desire of persons of refinement to mingle with clean people rather than to rub elbows with the Great Unwashed.

"Isn't it delightful here?" said Shirley. "I could stay here forever, could n't you?"

"With you—yes," answered Jefferson, with a significant smile.

Shirley tried to look angry. She strictly discouraged these conventional, sentimental speeches which constantly flung her sex in her face.

"Now, you know I don't like you to talk that way, Mr. Ryder. It's most undignified. Please be sensible."

Quite subdued, Jefferson relapsed into a sulkily silence. Presently he said:

"I wish you would n't call me Mr. Ryder. I meant to ask you this before. You know very well that you've no great love for the name, and if you persist you'll end by including me in your hatred of the hero of your book."

Shirley looked at him with amused curiosity.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "What do you want me to call you?"

"Oh, I don't know," he stammered, rather intimidated by this self-possessed young woman who looked him calmly through and through. "Why not call me Jefferson? Mr. Ryder is so formal."

Shirley laughed outright, a merry, unrestrained peal of honest laughter, which made the passers-by turn their heads and smile, too, commenting the while on the stylish appearance of the two Americans whom they took for sweethearts. After all, reasoned Shirley, he was right. They had been together now nearly every hour in the day for over a month. It was absurd to call him Mr. Ryder. So, addressing him with mock gravity, she said:

"You're right, Mr. Ryder—I mean Jefferson. You're quite right. You

are Jefferson from this time on, only remember"—here she shook her gloved finger at him warningly—"mind you behave yourself! No more such sentimental speeches as you made just now."

Jefferson beamed. He felt at least two inches taller, and at that moment he would not have changed places with any one in the world. To hide the embarrassment his gratification caused him he pulled out his watch and exclaimed:

"Why, it's a quarter past six. We shall have all we can do to get back to the hotel and dress for dinner."

Shirley rose at once, although loath to leave.

"I had no idea it was so late," she said. "How the time flies!" Then mockingly she added: "Come, Jefferson—be a good boy and find a cab."

They passed out of the Gardens by the gate facing the Théâtre de l'Odéon, where there was a long string of *fiacres* for hire. They got into one and in fifteen minutes they were back at the Grand Hotel.

At the office they told Shirley that her aunt had already come in and gone to her room, so she hurried up-stairs to dress for dinner while Jefferson proceeded to the Hotel de l'Athénée on the same mission. He had still twenty-five minutes before dinner time, and he needed only ten minutes for a wash and to jump into his dress-suit, so, instead of going directly to his hotel, he sat down at the Café de la Paix. He was thirsty, and calling for a Vermouth *frappé* he told the *garçon* to bring him also the American papers.

The crowd on the boulevard was denser than ever. The business offices and some of the shops were closing, and a vast army of employés, homeward bound, helped to swell the sea of humanity that pushed this way and that.

But Jefferson had no eyes for the crowd. He was thinking of Shirley. What singular, mysterious power had this girl acquired over him? He, who had scoffed at the very idea of marriage only a few months before, now desired it ardently, anxiously! Yes, that was

what his life lacked—such a woman to be his companion and helpmate! He loved her—there was no doubt of that. His every thought, waking and sleeping, was of her, all his plans for the future included her. He would win her if any man could. But did she care for him? Ah, that was the cruel, torturing uncertainty! She appeared cold and indifferent, but perhaps she was only trying him. Certainly she did not seem to dislike him.

The waiter returned with the Vermouth and the newspapers. All he could find were the *London Times*, which he pronounced T-e-e-m-s, and some issues of the *New York Herald*. Jefferson idly turned over the pages of the *Herald*. The papers were nearly a month old, but he did not care for that. His thoughts were still running on Shirley, and he was paying little attention to what he was reading. Suddenly, however, his eyes rested on a headline which made him sit up with a start. It read as follows:

JUDGE ROSSMORE IMPEACHED

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT TO
BE TRIED ON BRIBERY CHARGES

The despatch, which was dated Washington two weeks back, went on to say that serious charges affecting the integrity of Judge Rossmore had been made the subject of Congressional inquiry, and that the result of the inquiry was so grave that a demand for impeachment would be at once sent to the Senate. It added that the charges grew out of the recent decision in the Great Northwestern Mining Company case, it being alleged that Judge Rossmore had accepted a large sum of money on condition of his handing down a decision favorable to the company.

Jefferson was thunderstruck. He read the despatch over again to make sure there was no mistake. No, it was very plain—Judge Rossmore of Madison Avenue. But how preposterous, what a calumny! The one judge on the bench at whom one could point and say with absolute conviction: "There goes an honest man!" And this judge

was to be tried on a charge of bribery! What could be the meaning of it? Something terrible must have happened since Shirley's departure from home, that was certain. It meant her immediate return to the States and, of course, his own. He would see what could be done. He would make his father use his great influence. But how could he tell Shirley? Impossible, he could not! She would not believe him if he did. She would probably hear from home in some other way. They might cable. In any case he would say nothing yet. He paid for his Vermouth and hurried away to his hotel to dress.

It was just striking seven when he re-entered the courtyard of the Grand Hotel. Shirley and Mrs. Blake were waiting for him. Jefferson suggested having dinner at the Café de Paris, but Shirley objected that as the weather was warm it would be more pleasant to dine in the open air, so they finally decided on the Pavillon d'Armonville where there was music and where they could have a little table to themselves in the garden.

They drove up the stately Champs Élysées, past the monumental Arc de Triomphe, and from there down to the Bois. All were singularly quiet. Mrs. Blake was worrying about her new gown, Shirley was tired, and Jefferson could not banish from his mind the terrible news he had just read. He avoided looking at Shirley until the latter noticed it and thought she must have offended him in some way. She was more sorry than she would have him know, for, with all her apparent coldness, Jefferson was rapidly becoming very indispensable to her happiness.

They dined sumptuously and delightfully with all the luxury of surroundings and all the delights of cooking that the French culinary art can perfect. A single glass of champagne had put Shirley in high spirits and she had tried hard to communicate some of her good humor to Jefferson, who, despite all her efforts, remained quiet and preoccupied. Finally losing patience she asked him bluntly:

"Jefferson, what's the matter with

you to-night? You've been sulky as a bear all evening."

Pleased to see she had not forgotten their compact of the afternoon in regard to his name, Jefferson relaxed somewhat and said apologetically:

"Excuse me, I've been feeling a bit seedy, lately. I think I need another sea voyage. That's the only time when I feel really first-class—when I'm on the water."

The mention of the sea started Shirley to talk about her future plans. She was n't going back to America until September. She had arranged to make a stay of three weeks in London and then she would be free. Some friends of hers from home, a man and his wife who owned a steam yacht, were arranging a trip to the Mediterranean, including a run over to Cairo. They had asked her and Mrs. Blake to go and she was sure they would ask Jefferson, too. Would he go?

There was no way out of it. Jefferson tried to work up some enthusiasm for this yachting trip, which he knew very well could never come off, and it cut him to the heart to see this poor girl joyously making all these preparations and plans, little dreaming of the domestic calamity which at that very moment was hanging over her head.

It was nearly ten o'clock when they had finished. They sat a little longer listening to the gypsy music, weird and barbaric. Very pointedly, Shirley remarked:

"I for one preferred the music this afternoon."

"Why?" inquired Jefferson, ignoring the petulant note in her voice.

"Because you were more amiable!" she retorted rather crossly.

This was their first misunderstanding, but Jefferson said nothing. He could not tell her the thoughts and fears that had been haunting him all night. Soon afterward they re-entered their cab and returned to the boulevards which were ablaze with light and gayety. Jefferson suggested going somewhere else, but Mrs. Blake was tired and Shirley, now quite irritated at what she considered Jefferson's unaccountable unsociability, declined somewhat abruptly. But she could never remain angry long, and when they said good-night she whispered demurely:

"Are you cross with me, Jeff?"

He turned his head away and she saw that his face was singularly drawn and grave.

"Cross—no. Good-night. God bless you!" he said hoarsely, gulping down a lump that rose in his throat. Then grasping her hand he hurried away.

Completely mystified, Shirley and her companion turned to the office to get the key of their room. As the man handed it to Shirley he passed her also a cablegram which had just come. She changed color. She did not like telegrams. She always had a dread of them, for with her sudden news was usually bad news. Could this, she thought, explain Jefferson's strange behavior? Trembling, she tore open the envelope and read:

COME HOME AT ONCE.

MOTHER.

(To be continued.)

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Smoky Torches in Franklin's Honor

By RICHARD MEADE BACHE

A WRITER remarked, just before the Bicentenary Celebration of Franklin's birth, that, considering that we were then so near to the date of the event, few articles regarding him were appearing in the press. I could not agree with him then, still less could I agree with him now, if he be of the same mind, for articles on Franklin have verged on superfluity. But I had observed, and still regard as surprising, that both then and at the time of the celebration, we should find speeches about him and articles printed about him full of egregious errors. Not long since a man wrote that Franklin had printed the first paper in this country. I am moved to say something in the matter, because I recognize how hard it is to drive from their lairs long-established popular errors, and how insuperably hard it would be ever to dispose of some of them, should they be confirmed at this time, when final appraisal is being attempted of Franklin's true value, scientifically, literarily, and patriotically.

I doubt not what the verdict of any candid man would be in answer to the question, If he regards as tolerable the statement made by Mr. George A. Post, in his after-dinner speech in New York before the Pennsylvania Society, in which he summarized Franklin's official service at home and abroad by remarking, that it is wonderful that his example has not led to the formation of a society in this country whose motto would be never to resign office. Was it a joke? Then it was, as being on a serious subject, inadmissible; was, in a word, *une mauvaise plaisanterie*. Was it serious? Then it was out of place in an entertainment in Franklin's honor, and betrayed the profoundest ignorance of his career. No one acquainted with the details of Franklin's official life could truthfully say such a thing. Even as early, relatively, to his long life, as Franklin's second official visit to England, he dejectedly

wrote to his son of his homesickness and of his desire to return permanently to America; and, in the latter part of his stay in France, he thrice, at long intervals, vainly sought relief from his office as plenipotentiary. Mr. Post's statement must have been read by at least a million people. Such apparently authentic judgments are likely to do irreparable injury to Franklin's fair fame, so vast is the expanse of human credulity, so deep its tendency to believe of fellow-men the worst.

There is much published on this subject which is beyond reproach, much of which this cannot be said, and much, also, which contains many gross as well as petty errors. I am pleased to be able to note that the article, "Franklin's Place in Literature" by Professor Albert H. Smyth, the author of the ten-volume edition of Franklin's Life, now appearing from the press, is satisfactory within the narrow limits to which it is confined. So, also, is that of Mr. Edward Robins, "Franklin the Man," as one should have had reason to expect from reading his duodecimo volume, "Benjamin Franklin," published a few years ago. The posthumous article of the Hon. John Hay is admirable. So is that of the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, reproduced from his inaugural address, on July 23, 1903, as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, England. I regret to see, however, that he seems not fully acquainted with the incident of Franklin's wearing his celebrated ceremonial dress on the occasion of his signing the treaties with France, not the treaty of peace with Great Britain; for he merely says, with reference to the point:

"At the signing of one of the treaties in Paris, Franklin is said to have worn the same old suit of spotted Manchester velvet which he had worn on the fatal day at the Cockpit, years before, when Wedderburn attacked him, showing how deeply on that occasion the iron had entered into his soul."

Much turns upon the point. Nothing could have induced Franklin to wear, at the signing of the treaty of peace with Great Britain, the ceremonial dress in which he was clad when Wedderburn made his disgraceful attack upon him before the applauding Lords in Council. *The Gentleman's Magazine*, of London, settled this point more than a century ago. I tried to help to the same renewed necessity a few years ago, by an article that I published in *The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*. But the hydra-headed tendency of error requires another check, and perhaps many more blows to give quietus; no one, it almost seems, can ever adequately even sear its many germinative necks.

Franklin felt so delicately towards England at the close of the Revolutionary War that, as a letter from him to his friend, Mrs. Hewson, in London, proves, he relinquished his intention to make her a visit at that time, lest it might be accounted triumphant. Later, touching at Southampton, on his return to America from France, he scarcely left his ship. The treaty of peace between America and Great Britain was largely (although John Adams was the chief American commissioner in the framing of it) the product, in its favorable aspects, of Franklin's continued warm friendships with some of the principal men of England. Franklin, who would not wound the susceptibilities of Englishmen by a visit to London, was not the man who could have worn the significant ceremonial dress in signing the treaty of peace with Great Britain. The fact is, that it was on the occasion of his signing the two treaties with the French that he wore the dress with its inseparable significance; a significance, too, which he did not deny when questioned about it. He had been the chief influence in inducing France to join her fortunes with America's when he signed the treaties with her relating to war and commerce.

I have already spoken appreciatingly of four articles and, doubtless, there are others which I should similarly regard, had I had the opportunity of seeing them. Of two more I shall

make later favorable mention here. The remarks just made with regard to Mr. Choate's article are of no moment as affecting my view of the admirable character of his contribution as a whole. I have merely availed myself of an omission in it to introduce, in the interest of the reader, an important subject which was thoroughly discussed in bygone days and finally settled in the manner indicated.

What shall we think, however, of an article of a different kind from these that have been mentioned, "Franklin in Europe," by Dr. Ellis Paxson Oberholzer? He starts out very well, but, after a page or so, we come upon these extraordinary statements:

"Franklin had much more common-sense than learning, and, like all men with whom mother-wit is the chief article of equipment, a good many deficiencies appeared when he was brought face to face with those who were made wise by books. . . . To Franklin, history, political science, and such branches of learning were practically unknown. He shone by an epigram, a witty speech, a clever parry or thrust, winding his way up to and among the learned with his interest in lightning-rods, stoves, and many utilitarian projects, with what we call shrewdness in private life; while, in public walks, it becomes diplomacy. It was in France that Franklin's political philosophy was acquired, and his mind was there attainted [sic] with the doctrines of Rousseau, Turgot, and a large group of writers and workers, the natural fruit of whose agitations was the French Revolution. . . . In this great matter [the bubbling of the political cauldron before the outburst of the French Revolution] Franklin erred. His mind was open, and he was ready to embrace intellectual swindles, because true learning was strange to him, in spite of his degrees and decorations, his Philosophical Society, his scientific papers, and his restless curiosity to discover, to know, and to improve. His service in politics was performed with the aid of his mother-wit, which is sometimes said to be better than the wisdom of ages, though a study of

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Franklin's life impressively shows us the limitations set upon the self-made man in at least one direction, the philosophy and science of government.

... What Franklin would have been in this age, under a different set of circumstances, we do not know, and it is needless to speculate about it. That no man could be regarded as a scientist to-day, on the strength of observations such as Franklin's, will be granted universally. That no one would be sent abroad, as he was, to represent us for a quarter of a century, to wear wool hats, mingle his locks with Voltaire's, while crowds acclaimed the dawn of a new social and political era, and receive the laurel wreaths and kisses bestowed upon him by French women, is tolerably clear. . . .

I do not think that any one has heretofore heard that Franklin was sent abroad incidentally to wear woollen hats and to mingle his locks with Voltaire's, to say nothing of the crowning and kissing. Personally, I don't believe it. As a matter of detail, it would be well to mention that Franklin himself describes his *cap*, not hat, as fur, and says nothing anywhere about mingling his locks, which is not a French fashion, and would have been, at best, figurative with the hairless Voltaire. The kissing took place entirely by foreign, not domestic request.

The question here is biographical. Is the portraiture just given in quotation anywhere near the truth? I think that it is as much unlike Franklin as if it had been designedly so made. Can any one imagine a more perfect travesty of the truth about him? Does not even the average reader of his life know that he was a student of philosophy, history, the science of government, and much else, from his earliest years; that he was an omnivorous reader throughout all his long life, in every variety of literature and in science; that he had, as vehicles for obtaining information, a working knowledge of several languages; that he, for years, associated intimately with some of the first statesmen of Europe and his own country; that, in a word,

he possessed all the learning that any one could absorb in the span of the longest life?

The writer of the account quoted forgets that Franklin was recognized by the foremost scientists of Europe as their equal. He finds that Franklin could have no standing in science at the present day. He thus ignores the fundamental canon of criticism, that a man must be judged in every sphere of thought with reference to the times in which he lived. Lord Bacon expressly dissented from the Copernican Theory of our planetary system, and speaks, in his "*Novum Organon*," of the pungency of spice, as possibly analogous to fire, and therefore worth investigation to ascertain if they belong to the same category of existences. Much more, too, he speculates about in matters that are known at the present day to be childish notions. Yet Lord Bacon it was who first efficiently directed men's minds to the value of the practice of careful induction, much neglected then in favor of wild deduction.

The product of the daily labors of every scientist is provisional, subject, and subjected by him, to revision as long as he lives, and by others after he is dead; and forasmuch as it is always so, are successive generations of scientists enabled to build higher and higher upon foundations laid by their predecessors. Not only was Franklin conversant with the science of his times, but scientists of the present day are in accord in stating that there is not much to revise of what he thought of as true. Just when he, as he himself says, was looking forward to an existence in which he could devote himself exclusively to scientific pursuits, he was whirled away by the political exigencies of the period to the career of statesmanship. The ultimate nature of the agency which was the chief object of his study, neither he nor any one else will ever know. It would have been bootless for him, even if he had had the time, to dwell upon some of its phenomena. We may rest assured that, in speaking of electricity, he merely used terms generally adopted, two of which he himself invented, and

no more believed in electricity as fluid than we do. So dense is general ignorance, even as to his electrical discoveries, that not one man in a hundred knows the full significance of the theory and action of the lightning-rod.

The article by Mr. Le Roy Ruggles, "A Few Things Recalled by the Franklin Centenary," is very different from the preceding, is quite good, in fact, from its thorough sanity. He has made a mistake, however, in the course of telling an anecdote about Franklin, where he speaks of Dr. Cooper's having replied to Franklin's remark to him, before Franklin went to France, that the public had eaten his flesh, and now seemed resolved to pick his bones, "Ah, I approve their taste, for the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat!"

The letter is extant which Franklin wrote from Philadelphia, not before his going to, but after his return from, France. He there says:

"But I had not firmness enough to resist the unanimous desire of my country folks; and I find myself harnessed again in their service for another year [as President of Pennsylvania]. They engrossed the prime of my life. They have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones."

So, with the correction of the time, about ten years, the reply, too, as if made in conversation, also requires the correction as to words that I have made. Thus myths are born. I once contributed to Max Müller's list a modern one, full grown in forty years, where a hill, which had been called after Napoleon's mother, *Madame Mere*, had become known as *Mad Mare's Hill*, with reference to an imaginary wild horse which had held it against all comers.

An article written by Miss Emma Repplier, entitled "Franklin's Trials as a Benefactor," is well worth perusal. In the safe ark of the American Philosophical Society's Hall, she skimmed through the great collection of original manuscripts that had once belonged to Franklin, and thus was able to produce the interesting story of how he was bedevilled in Paris by all sorts of strangers, from near and far, with requests that were sometimes almost demands

for appointments, recommendation, money; in fact, for everything that is ordinarily supposed to flow only from the source of the most intimate personal acquaintance. Their writers grotesquely pose before him in the guise of reflections in the mirror of their own conceit, through descriptions of their military capacity, their claim to recognition for all sorts of reasons without reason; while Franklin's endorsements on their missives illustrate, in turn, his awakened sympathy, beneficence, or contempt, as his spirit is moved by the individual character of the demand upon him.

Of course, if misrepresentations about Franklin have occurred on account of imperfect knowledge of him among speakers and writers, at dinners and in magazines, newspapers have not been exempt. I wrote three newspaper corrections under the quasi-anonymity of my initials; but tired of that procedure, I am led to this as somewhat less ephemeral. I cannot but attribute many of the published misstatements about Franklin to the hastiness of men who undertake to speak or write at a moment's notice upon the subject. It is dangerous to pick up the first book at hand and to rely upon everything there said. All books are not trustworthy, and no one book is perfect. There is no acquisition of accurate knowledge possible without examination of various presentations of a subject. I find lapses about Franklin even in Professor Bach McMaster's "Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters." He states that Franklin's celebrated "Polly Baker Tale" is to be found in *The Pennsylvania Gazette*. Two well-known bibliophiles of whom I know searched for it there in vain. Franklin himself once indicated, in the course of a conversation, that the tale was to be found there. But his memory may have failed him after the lapse of so many years as had occurred, for he was speaking then as an old man of what he believed had occurred when he was a young one. It may be left an open question as to where the "Polly Baker Tale" was first published, but we cannot leave as an open question

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Professor McMaster's statement that Franklin was buried in "the yard of Christ Church." Of course he knows that Franklin is buried at the corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, the burying-ground belonging to Christ Church, but what he says has a very different meaning. There are burial-vaults in the yard of Christ Church itself, several squares away from where Franklin is buried. Therefore the quoted statement is misleading. It is also stated by Professor McMaster that the papers which Franklin left in America when he went to France, and which were molested where they were stored, were partly "picked up by Benjamin Bache." It was Richard Bache, Franklin's son-in-law, who recovered the remains of the papers. Benjamin Franklin Bache, a lad, Franklin's eldest grandson by his daughter, Mrs. Richard Bache, was with his grandfather in France. Professor McMaster speaks of Lord Le Despencer's requesting Franklin to assist Sir Francis Dashwood in abridging the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. But Sir Francis Dashwood and Lord Le Despencer were one and the same person. Sir Francis Dashwood became Lord Le Despencer.

Now, if mistakes like these can occur in a book written by an historian, it ought to be evident how important it is to look at any subject, as far as possible, through original documents, and from the point of view of different annalists. A few months ago, while waiting in the office of a publisher, I casually picked up a show-book of short biographies of eminent men, and there alighted on a biography of Franklin of only a page or two in length. Short as it was, however, it contained a glaring mistake, in the statement that Franklin had brought about the opening with prayer of the daily sessions of the Constitutional Convention. But, although it is true that Franklin offered a resolution that the sessions should be opened with prayer, and reinforced his proposition by an admirable address, the resolution did not pass.

Poor Richard, the name by which the supposititious *Richard Saunders* was known as the author of Franklin's Almanac, reminds us, in the course of his own manufacturing of sayings and of his culling them from every source, that we are all apt to forget our debts. From whom to Franklin is any debt due, from whom especially is any due. To what place on earth did the creditor, Franklin, belong; to Boston, to Philadelphia, or to the whole civilized world? Notwithstanding, that when, as a young man, I sat near the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, when he delivered his oration on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Franklin in Printing House Square, Boston, and heard Franklin called by him the great Bostonian, when I had always thought of him as belonging to Philadelphia, I was, nevertheless, inclined to think of him ever afterwards as the property of neither, as having lived in the closest spiritual communion, not only in those places, but in England and France, and therefore as having been, beyond any man of whom we have known, truly cosmopolitan. If we must judge for him between Boston and Philadelphia, be it so. By the ties of affection, we find him tenderly attached to the home of his parents and of his boyhood associations, and to Philadelphia by those of his descendants, to the second generation, and by those of his immediate friends and neighbors, to the end of his life. He loved both Boston and Philadelphia dearly, with his magnificent tenderness of heart, which seemed to embrace all humanity. He could truly have said with Vergil, so far as his relations to Boston and Philadelphia are concerned, "*Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuit.*"

I must concede, however, that Boston was first in recognizing her indebtedness to Franklin. *Poor Richard* was right in reminding us that we are prone to forget our debts, and we can add, without fear of contradiction from him, were he alive, that having at last been brought to think of paying, we are prone also to forget how long we have been guilty of neglect. My memory goes not back to the contrary thought

that Franklin was ever deemed in his native place the great Bostonian. I do not believe that there ever was such a time. My knowledge, on the other hand, as to the stirring of the popular heart in Philadelphia regarding him need not go back more than twenty years to find its first manifestations since his death. Philadelphia has always been deemed what she calls conservative, what the outside world calls slow to move and be moved. But, if she be slow in movement, she has also a characteristic trait that tends in time to countervail her neglect. Once started on a course, she is thorough in the way in which she carries out a change of base. She showed on this occasion of *The Franklin Centenary Celebration* a tendency to be volcanic. The American Philosophical Society was the principal vent around which portents of rumblings were early heard as the time approached for the celebration, from which its fires were communicated to the whole outlying region, ending with the most magnificent *feu-de-joie* in Franklin's honor as the greatest of the founders of his day.

It were best, for the reasons given, because they are the truest, to regard Franklin, not as the great Bostonian, nor as the great Philadelphian, but

as a great American, one to whom America is unspeakably indebted, one who, as Lord Chatham said, is an honor to human nature. On the 17th of January, 1706, genius was born, through Boston, to the English race and men; a star, then of the smallest magnitude, but one which was finally, in its zenith path, destined to shed lustre over England, France, and the little Colonies of America, grown finally to empire under its auspices and other kindly aspects of the skies, until, at last, in 1790, it sank to rest forever on the horizon where its benign light first appeared. Strictly speaking, Franklin does not belong exclusively even to America. Before the Revolution, he was strongly drawn to England, for he was for years a thoroughly loyal Englishman; afterwards, he was still more strongly drawn to France, through temperamental affinity with her people, which influences men largely, independent of their native clime. If, however, from the aggregate, in birth and love and deeds, he belongs more intimately than elsewhere to America, we should not forget that he truly belongs more largely than to any place to humanity, through the fact of his breadth of being and inclusive love and thought and labor for all mankind.

Why Not a Thackeray Club?

By LEWIS MELVILLE

A FEW weeks ago I was dining as a guest at the Samuel Pepys Club, an assembly of gentlemen who, to judge from their interesting conversation, had apparently made the study of the "Diary" the main feature of their lives; and though I am aware that, with perhaps two or three exceptions, this was not the case, yet the majority of those present were undoubtedly experts in all concerning Pepys and his times. After dinner, when the company had drunk in silence the toast of the evening, the immortal memory of Samuel Pepys, there came the singing of some of Pepys's verses and other popular ballads

of his day, as well as a recitation of the famous soliloquy "To be or not to be," taken from Pepys's music-books; and in addition was read by a well-known authority a most interesting paper on "The Collection of Ballads in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge."

So delighted was I with the evening's entertainment that I wondered why admirers of most authors did not band themselves together in such associations. There are, of course, the Omar Club, the Johnson Club, Browning Societies *galore*, and the Boz Club and the Dickens Fellowship, the last with innu-

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merable branches all over the world. But, I thought, why are there not more of these associations? What are the lovers of other great writers doing—the lovers of Fielding, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Thackeray, for instance, all “clubbable” fellows—the very men to be made the excuse for such pleasant literary gatherings?

Thackeray, for one, was *par excellence* the clubman, Bohemian, social, literary. Was it not at some Shakespearian birthday dinner that he spoke of his favorite club?—“We, the happy initiated, never speak of it as the Garrick: to us it is ‘the G.’, ‘the little G.’, ‘the dearest little place in the world.’” But he was also a member of many other clubs, although the Travellers would not have him, fearing to see themselves in some future novel by the great man—the Reform, the Athenæum, the Fielding (the title of which was chosen by him), the Cyder Cellars (the club which must not be confounded with the tavern), that came into existence because the Garrick Club would not serve suppers at a late hour—a *very* late hour I suspect; in the Whittington, and “Our Club.” What a pleasant picture of Thackeray in that last-mentioned place has Mr. Jefferson conjured up: “I cannot conceive him to have ever been seen to greater advantage than when he was sitting with a party of his congenial comrades at ‘Our Club,’ gossiping tenderly about dead authors, artists, and actors, and in the kindest spirit about living notabilities. It was very pleasant to watch the white-haired veteran, and also to hear him (though at best he sang indifferently) whilst he trolled forth his favorite ballads touching ‘Little Billee’ and ‘Father Martin Luther.’ Better still it was to regard the radiant gratification of his face whilst Horace Mayhew sang ‘The Mahogany Tree,’ perhaps the finest and most soul-stirring of Thackeray’s social songs, or was throwing his soul into the passionate ‘Marseillaise.’”

Thackeray seems never to have been happier than when at one of his clubs surrounded by his friends, although even at the Garrick Club there was a rift in his lute: a member whose presence irritated him and who, discover-

ing his power, was not averse to the exercise of it. Sir Francis Burnand has told us how Thackeray was one night telling a story in the smoking-room when his persecutor entered, and, to the surprise of all present, the great man hesitated, stammered, and then stopped, whereupon the new arrival exasperated him with the encouraging words, delivered with the most irritating air of patronage: “Proceed, sweet warbler, your story interests me much.” There are many good stories told of Thackeray as clubman. It was to the Garrick he took Mr. Herman Merivale as a boy to dinner, and years after Mr. Merivale asked him if he remembered the occasion. “Why, yes, of course, and what is more, I remember I gave you beef-steak and apricot omelette.” Mr. Merivale, then still a young man, was delighted that his company should have made so great an impression; but his complacency was rudely disturbed when the novelist, with twinkling eye, added, “Yes, I always gave boys beef-steak and apricot omelettes.” Another amusing anecdote is told of Thackeray at the Reform Club. On an evening when he was to dine with some great personage, he happened to see on the *menu* of the day “Beans and Bacon.” That was too much for him, and straightway he wrote to his host, telling him he could not have the pleasure of dining with him after all, as he had just met a very old friend whom he had not seen for years, and from whom he could not tear himself.

Why should there not foregather admirers, critical or otherwise, of—as Mr. Walter Jerrold has so aptly phrased it—the larger Thackeray? What interesting and amusing arguments could there be around the mahogany concerning the various aspects of this many-sided man of letters, who, besides the novels that are more or less familiar to all, wrote poems, satires, parodies, short stories, art criticism, reviews of books, and innumerable skits for *Punch*; and in a day when most are concerned to point out the technical faults of Thackeray the artist, some one might be found courageous enough to insist upon the wonderful merits of his

drawings as illustrations. For my part, I rank Thackeray as the best illustrator of his own books, and I regret that he let Doyle illustrate "The Newcomes"; for, although the latter's plates are technically far superior, there is lacking a certain *je ne sais quoi* which the other usually supplied. And now, before Mr. M. H. Spielmann sees this heresy in print, may the heavens fall!

Why, then, should there not be a Titmarsh Club or a Thackeray Fellowship—with its dinners, discussions, and pilgrimages, and perhaps also with a companion journal to the admirably conducted "Dickensian"?

The providing of the dinners and discussions would present no difficulty, but in the matter of outings, always an attractive feature of these associations, Titmarshians would be at a marked disadvantage to the Omarites and the Dickensians, since for them there is of course no Gad's Hill or Woodbridge. It is accepted that there must be some *raison d'être* for the pilgrimage, which may be the birthplace or a residence of the author whose works have inspired the club, or it may be made to a scene prominent in one of his books.

Thackeray's birthplace is out of the question, the Pumpernickel of "Vanity Fair" is too far, and for the rest there is little of the Thackeray country outside London. His schools at Chiswick and Charterhouse are always within walking distance, and all his homes are in the heart of the metropolis: Albion Street, "Jorum" Street, Onslow Square, Palace Green, still stand; the St. James's Street lodgings have gone, and I am not aware that the Jermyn Street house has been more closely identified than "within a few doors of the Museum of Geology." Still, the outlook is not entirely hopeless. There are the homes of the Crawleys in Hampshire, but I do not know whether they have been traced within the boundaries of that county. There are Ottery St. Mary and Exeter and Sidmouth, the Clavering St. Mary and Chatteris and Baymouth of "Pendennis." There is Winchester, where Harry Esmond came back and was seen by Lady Castlewood

in the Cathedral during the singing of the anthem, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion we were like them that dream"—that return of the wanderer, the description of which is, perhaps, the finest thing in Thackeray. There is Clevedon Court, the original of Castlewood, and also the Winchelsea of "Denis Duval." There are many who would have an unassailable right to membership. Firstly, those, but a handful now, who knew him in the flesh, prominent among whom would be Sir Theodore Martin and Mr. Justin McCarthy, who was to have dined with the novelist the very day he went to the silent land. Then, the small number of writers who, consciously or unconsciously, owe so much to the master, and so might join—Mr. W. E. Norris, Mr. Percy White, and Mr. G. S. Street; and those who have contributed admirable illustrations to his text—Mr. Furniss, whose wonderful sketches to "Major Gahagan" linger in the memory, Mr. Linley Sambourne, Mr. Hugh Thomson, Mr. C. E. Brock, who has taken all the prose works for his province, and the rest of the talented band. Lastly, but not by any means the least worthy, the numerous critics and editors, and all those, in fact, who know and love their Thackeray—Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Sir Francis Burnand, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Andrew Lang, Sir Frank Marzials, Mr. Charles Whibley, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Mr. Walter Jerrold (the editor of Mr. Dent's excellent edition), Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Stephen Gwynne, Mr. William Archer, Mr. R. S. Garnett, of *The New Sketch Book* fame, Mr. A. A. Jack, and others too numerous to mention.

The American contingent would be strong, although there can be few surviving who knew the great man; but important trans-Atlantic members of a Titmarsh Club would be Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, the great authority upon Thackeray's bibliography; Major William H. Lambert, whose collection of the novelist's works is world-famous; and General James Grant Wilson, the author of the recently published "Thackeray in the United States."

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The Book-Buyer's Guide

BELLES LETTRES.

Egan—The Ghost in Hamlet, and Other Essays. By Maurice Francis Egan. McClurg. \$1.00 net.

The author of this scholarly collection of essays is professor of English literature in the Catholic University of America. His subjects are mostly from Shakespeare. Besides a second one on Hamlet, he deals with "Some Phases of Shakespearean Interpretation"; "Some Pedagogical Uses of Shakespeare"; "Lyricism in Shakespeare's Comedies"; "The Greatest of Shakespeare's Contemporaries" (Calderon); "Imitators of Shakespeare" (mainly devoted to a comparison of Tennyson's "Becket" and Aubrey de Vere's "St. Thomas of Canterbury," the latter being placed far above the former as a delineation of the great Chancellor and Primate); "The Comparative Method in Literature"; "A Definition of Literature"; and "The Ebb and Flow of Romance." All show great breadth of reading and study, keen and sympathetic criticism, and sound educational judgment. The two Hamlet papers seem to us the least able, but perhaps only because we cannot agree with the author's solution of the insoluble problem, though his discussion of it is none the less interesting. Students and teachers of Shakespeare and of literature in general will find the book eminently worth their attention.

Heisch—Art and Craft of the Author. By C. E. Heisch. Grafton Press. \$1.20 net.

In a sense it is true of prose writers as of poets that they are born, not made. It might even be said that in these days it is of more consequence to discourage people from writing than to encourage them. Yet there are beginners in the art of authorship—it may perhaps be called an art, though Mr. Heisch suggests in his title that it is a craft as well—who will appreciate and profit by the admirable suggestions contained in these pages. They will find here a discussion of principles rather than of details; but the principles are firmly grasped and lucidly expounded. Mr. Heisch is not concerned to point out any easy road to success. He wisely lays stress upon the fact that a man must have something to say before he can say it. Nor has he any patience with scamped and hasty work. To take one's calling seriously is a prime requisite. Authors with some experience as well as beginners will find profit in these pages.

Hunt—Literature: Its Principles and Problems. By Theodore W. Hunt. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.20 net.

It is somewhat difficult to understand just what class of readers Dr. Hunt wished to reach when he wrote this book. His discussion of principles is occasionally elementary, and yet his statements have hardly sufficient lucidity to meet the needs of students. When he designs to emphasize a phrase he puts it

in capitals. Thus we hear of the Appreciation of Letters, of Mental and Moral Enfranchisement, of the Liberal Professions, of the Philosophic Method. But there is really very little explanation of the meaning of these terms. Dr. Hunt's ideas are sane enough, in the main, but he fails to set them forth in a very orderly manner. He is too apt, indeed, to fall into the quotation habit as practised by novices in composition. Arnold says this, and Lowell says that, and how true it is that—then come the inverted commas. We would not be understood as depreciating a book that is in many respects stimulating and suggestive. But it would be the grossest flattery to say that it is well written, or that one's appreciation of the best in literature is forwarded by the perusal of it.

Wilson—Making the Most of Ourselves. By Calvin Dill Wilson. A. C. McClurg. \$1.00.

Elementary talks on self-cultivation, free from pretentiousness and sentimentality, and containing a good deal of sense. For young men and women who are at a groping and impressionable age and who have not had "advantages," this book ought to be of far greater value than most of its kind. It is not addressed to mature readers.

BIOGRAPHY.

Brady—The True Andrew Jackson. By Cyrus T. Brady. Lippincott. \$2.00 net.

Mr. Brady is a sturdy admirer of Jackson, but this account of his character and career is not likely to affect greatly the general judgment. The adjective which is the distinguishing mark of the series to which this volume belongs could hardly have been worse applied. Mr. Brady's picture is neither true nor plausible. The necessity of dealing with his subject topically rather than chronologically may have hampered him somewhat; but even so he manifests no clear conception of the issues in which Jackson played so large a part. Nor has he contributed anything original to the discussion. He has thrown together odds and ends of quotations from every possible source. He cites former biographers *ad libitum*, and when these fail repeats *in extenso* the impressions of those who met his hero casually. It must be said that the antagonism which Jackson aroused was not due wholly to unreasoning prejudice, as Mr. Brady suggests. In the affair of Mrs. Eaton, for example, he assumed an attitude for which there was no excuse. Indeed, throughout his career he was inclined, like Macbeth, to use "barefaced power" and "bid his will avouch it." The defence of his dealings with the United States Bank is a conspicuous instance of special pleading that fails to accomplish its object. The opportunity to write a satisfactory life of Jackson has by no means passed, but it is plain that Mr. Brady is not the man to take advantage of it.

Conover—Memories of a Great Schoolmaster. By James P. Conover. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.50 net.

The schoolmaster was Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit, who for almost forty years was at the head of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.; and this tribute to his memory is from the pen of one who after being his pupil became associated with him as a teacher. It is an interesting account of the remarkable growth of a boy's boarding-school under the management of a scholarly, energetic, and devoted man, with marked personal magnetism combined with keen and sympathetic understanding of boy nature. Like Dr. Arnold, to whom he has been compared, he had the rare gift of inspiring the school with a religious tone while keeping in touch with the natural tastes and tendencies of the students who heartily loved and honored him. The book will be particularly welcome to the large company of St. Paul's alumni, as well as to all who are interested in secondary education.

Macfall—Whistler: Butterfly, Wasp, Wit, Master of the Arts, Enigma. By Haldane Macfall. Luce & Co. 75c. net.

A brief, vivacious, and highly eulogistic sketch of the man and the artist; the first booklet in the "Spirit of the Age Series," the aim of which is announced to be "to present to the readers a living, marching [sic], personality, breathing with the individuality characteristic of the person." It is illustrated with photographic copies of four of Whistler's paintings.

Reid—Memoirs of Sir Wemyss Reid, 1842-1885. Ed. by Stuart J. Reid. Cassell.

The author of this autobiography was a well-known English journalist of considerable influence; to his pen we are also indebted for two authoritative biographies, those of W. E. Forster and of Lord Houghton. His own life, so far as it is here recorded, is not of great interest, for while his character was of sterling quality, it was essentially of that commonplace type which, though it has made the Anglo-Saxon predominant throughout the world, is of greater interest in the aggregate than in the individual instance. It is the foundation on which the success of England and of America rests. Nor did Reid do anything of exceptional interest during these years, and finally he has little of importance to record about others more prominent in the life of the day. It therefore seems egotistic to offer to the world, even if it is done posthumously, a series of such unimportant reminiscences. The interesting matter in the volume could be presented in less than a score of pages. In all probability this general view would be modified were the second volume, which is to complete the autobiography, at hand. This volume, covering the last two decades, has been withheld for political reasons. During these years Reid was in the inner councils of the Liberal party, of which he was an uncritically ardent adherent, and unquestionably he should be in a position to throw much valuable light on recent English political life.

Rothschild—Lincoln, Master of Men. By Alonzo Rothschild. Houghton, Mifflin. \$3.

Mr. Rothschild has taken great pains in the preparation of this volume; he has delved into all sorts of unlikely places to find the material for his study of Lincoln. The point of the book is to show that the essential quality in Lincoln's mental make-up was his masterfulness. From early youth this tendency made itself evident. Both physically and mentally Lincoln was very loath to be beaten. This feeling sometimes showed itself in ways unworthy of his nobler self, but more often in support of his fine traits. Mr. Rothschild gives chapter and verse for every statement made by him, but wisely does not confuse the clearness of the text by interpolations of authorities. The story is well and forcibly told and the style is admirably terse.

Simpson—Robert Louis Stevenson. By E. Blantyre Simpson. Luce & Co. 75c. net.

The second issue in the "Spirit of the Age Series." The illustrations are four portraits of Stevenson, including that painted by Count Nerli in Samoa.

Taylor—The Life of Queen Henrietta Maria. By I. A. Taylor. Dutton. \$7.50 net.

Considering the important part that Henrietta Maria played in a momentous period of English history it is strange that so few biographies of her exist. The present volume covers her stormy life from infancy to death, and necessarily includes much of the history of events leading to the Civil Wars, and of the French Court under Louis XIII and Anne of Austria as Regent. Henrietta's character is drawn with justice not untempered by mercy; quotations from her correspondence aid in telling a very clear and interesting story of her influence over Charles I and the causes that led to his martyrdom. The illustrations are from contemporary portraits.

Thompson—Party Leaders of the Time. By Charles Willis Thompson. Dillingham. \$1.75 net.

In this volume Mr. Thompson deals for the most part with living public men. He has come into contact with them during his service as a newspaper correspondent at Washington, and his design in these pages is to make them real figures to his readers. As he has an eye for revealing personal details and a sense of the picturesque he succeeds admirably in his design. It should be said he does not descend to backstairs gossip. Even where he is not altogether laudatory he is not unkindly. The leaders of the Senate and House, certain Cabinet officers, and a few politicians elsewhere form the subjects of his sketches.

Wilson—Joseph Jefferson: Reminiscences of a Fellow Player. By Francis Wilson. Scribner.

Every lover of Joseph Jefferson—and their name is legion upon legion—will be grateful for this pleasant record of genial and sympa-

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thetic personal reminiscences; and all the more because Mr. Jefferson did *not* have—as some hypercritical critic has wished that he might have had—the opportunity of “blue-pencilling” the whole of it, as he did that portion of it which describes the “all star” tour of “The Rivals.” But his sole objection there was that it put his friend “in the light of a hero-worshipper” and himself “on a theatrical throne chair with an assumed air of modesty, but sily acquiescing in the praise.” As it is, the author will not resent the imputation of being in a sense a hero-worshipper, for he was honestly one, and his hero, who was in reality one of the most modest of men, is now in no danger of being suspected of sily winking at his worshipper’s eulogies. The reader at the same time may congratulate himself on getting many apt and shrewd remarks of dear old “Rip,” which he never suspected that the listener would make a note of, and many capital anecdotes of the man and his friends to the printing of which he might too scrupulously have objected. Personally we should be sorry to miss a single sentence of all this matter.

The author of the book, while necessarily having to place himself rather prominently before the reader, is equally modest and felicitous in his brief preface—so brief that we may quote it entire in this brief notice:

“Those who seek the facts of his life, and the standard and accepted estimates of Jefferson’s work and art, will find them in the adequate pages of Mr. William Winter. Those who would acquaint themselves with the ineffable charm of his personality must linger over the pages of the comedian’s Autobiography, a book to be mentioned only with Colley Cibber’s ‘Apology,’ equal in interest, beyond it in charm. The present writer has aimed merely to set down the remembrances, mostly anecdotal, which were his over a number of years in connection with the subject of this sketch.”

This exactly expresses the character and purpose of the book, which is an appropriate and welcome supplement to Mr. Winter’s Life of Jefferson and the Autobiography.

The illustrations, many of which are unique, include no less than fifteen photographs of Mr. Jefferson, others taken from his paintings, views of his home at “Crow’s Nest,” and his grave, and portraits of the actors in the “all star” performance of “The Rivals.”

FICTION

Adams—Cattle Brands. By Andy Adams. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.50.

These stories of the real cowboy are by one who may justly lay claim to be the “greatest living authority” upon the life which he so well depicts. To many people they will seem more enjoyable than the longer stories by Mr. Adams. Their merit lies wholly in the obvious truth to life of the scenes.

Barr—The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont. By Robert Barr. Appleton. \$1.50.

The ex-chief of the detective force of Paris is supposed to be the narrator of these tales.

Not all of them, however, are records of complicated adventures. One of them, for example, relates the manner in which a man was reclaimed from the clutches of absinth and anarchy by the resolute action of the ubiquitous Valmont. One of the best of the tales is the first which takes the famous “Queen’s Necklace” as the basis of its plot. The stories are readable but not absorbing.

Bachelor—Silas Strong. By Irving Bacheller. Harper. \$1.50.

It is a relief to find that Mr. Bacheller has left the ancient Romans and returned to his proper field. The scene of his new book is the Adirondacks. Its principal character is of the same type as other men of the woods and fields drawn by this writer. The love story approaches the absurd rather closely. Were it not for the old backwoodsman the book would have little reason for being. “Uncle Silas” leavens—to a certain extent—the whole lump by his amusing peculiarities and shrewd sayings.

Beach—The Spoilers. By Rex E. Beach. Harper. \$1.50.

Probably it is the “actuality” of this coarse-fibred tale which will make it popular. Mr. Beach has collected his documents, human and other, on the spot and the picture of life in the gold regions of Alaska is doubtless accurate enough; the judicial conspiracy which occupies so large a portion of his pages has been already exposed by him in the magazines. But the trouble is that as a novelist he has no artistic restraint. He mistakes vulgarity for strength and brute force for manliness; and he discusses without reserve matters which emphatically demand discreet treatment.

Bernstein—Contrite Hearts. By Herman Bernstein. Wessels. \$1.25.

An emotional study of certain tragedies of Russian life. In its pictures of facts and conditions the book is entirely convincing, but as a story it is not signally impressive and the later portions, whose scenes are in New York, among the exiled Jews, are of lesser value. There is probably not so much art in the book as deep sincerity of intention.

Bindloss—Alton of Somasco. By Harold Bindloss. Stokes. \$1.50.

British Columbia is the *mise en scene* of this novel of love and adventure. The interest of the plot is fairly well sustained, but the book is carelessly written and the characters occasionally behave in a manner entirely out of keeping with their supposed position in life. There is plenty of excitement in the incidents.

Castle—“If Youth but Knew.” By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Macmillan. \$1.50.

The Castles tell a fantastic tale of Westphalia during the reign of Jerome Bonaparte in their latest novel. The joy of life and love, the poetry of youth, are the theme of the story and constitute its charm. The most fascinat-

ing character in the story is a mysterious finder who acts as the good genius of the lovers.

Cheney—The Challenge. By Warren Cheney. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

An unfamiliar setting may or may not be an advantage in a novel. Mr. Cheney makes good use of such a setting, however, in this tale of Alaska in the Russian days. His characters are very much alive, too, and the reader who begins the tale will wish to finish it.

Frothingham—The Evasion. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.50.

Miss Frothingham has not quite fulfilled in this novel the promise which many persons discerned in "The Turn of the Road." The faith of the reader in the possibility of the incidents is strained more than once to the breaking point. The whole story hinges on a misunderstanding as to which of two men was caught cheating at cards. It seems inconceivable that the woman who loved Richard Copeland should have been deceived so completely as to his real character. The novel has much that is admirable, much that is clever; but it lacks balance. It interests the reader, but it cannot fail to disappoint him in part. It is so good that one wishes it were better. Miss Frothingham should studiously avoid the morbid and overstrained effects which are her most serious menace as a novelist.

Gray—The Great Refusal. By Maxwell Gray. Appleton. \$1.50.

Dullness is a quality never before associated with the productions of this writer. Unprofitable her novels may have been; but they were not dull. Unhappily this is the most unmistakable fault of "The Great Refusal." Departing entirely from her ordinary range of plots, with their invariable one dramatic scene, the author has taken the theories of the founders of Brotherland as her theme. Her faults of style are much more obvious in pragmatical fiction than in novels of the "Silence of Dean Maitland" type and become unbearable in portions of this wearisome volume. The manner is that of Mrs. Henry Wood in the once famous and still read "East Lynne" and the matter is not as good. An atmosphere of unreality prevades the novel from the first page to the last.

Hale—A Motor Car Divorce. By Louise Closser Hale. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.

Mrs. Hale's variation of the automobile theme is briskly sketchy and entertaining but lacks coherence as a piece of fiction. Amusing as the idea of the story is, the plot lacks the element of probability. However, the descriptions of the incidents of a trip through Europe are clever and with Mr. Hale's drawings make a volume slight in substance but attractive none the less.

Harker—Paul and Fiammetta. By L. Allen Harker. Scribner. \$1.25.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin introduces the author of this charming story of child life in England to an American audience. Mrs. Harker understands young people thoroughly and writes of them with sympathy and humor. She has, moreover, a delightful style. The story is one in which young folk and those who have not forgotten the pleasures of youth will find much to enjoy.

Harry—The Conquest of Jerusalem. By Myriam Harry. Turner. \$1.50.

This story of modern Jerusalem is really a study of what is known as the "artistic" temperament worked out in a morbid fashion. Hélie's apostasy from the Roman Catholic religion upon his marriage with a deaconess of the Protestant Church destroys eventually the religious instinct in his nature. Many of the details of the novel are revolting. It is unwholesome and unpleasant.

Lancaster—The Spur. By G. B. Lancaster. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

A caddish kind of "literary gent" finds on an Australian sheep farm a wonderful writer of tales—a Kipling in the rough—and makes a bargain with him, agreeing to educate him and exploit his genius on condition that he submits to absolute control of his services for a term of years. The fetters thus forged do not gall at first. The young fellow gets his training and experience and fully justifies the confidence of the promoter. But when the inevitable woman calls and Shylock demands his pound of flesh the result is tragic. The tale as a whole has many merits; the Samoan scenes are both picturesque and novel; but the author unfortunately falls into a certain exasperating preciseness of style which interferes seriously with the reader's enjoyment. Indeed there are whole chapters that perplex and bewilder even the most patient explorer of the writer's mental processes.

Lipsett—A Summer in the Apple-Tree Inn. By Ella Partridge Lipsett. Holt. \$1.25.

A pleasing story for children is this account of the good times enjoyed by four young people in the little house fitted up for them by a gracious aunt and named by her the "Apple-Tree Inn." All kinds of delightful resources are contained within the four walls of this play-house. The little folk have other good times besides those in the "inn" and pass a very happy summer.

Lloyd—Six Stars. By Nelson Lloyd. Scribner. \$1.50.

Mr. Lloyd has a pleasing vein of quiet humor and he depicts the village life of Six Stars in this series of sketches with good-natured satire which makes the book very readable. But his people talk as no Americans ever talked and seem rather palpably created out of whole cloth. The transposition of the V and the W in certain words is a case in point. One would like to know of any Americans who

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committed this Wellerism. Mr. Lloyd probably would consider this an over-literal criticism; but amusing as several of the stories are, the fault is a real one.

Long—Sefly; A Little Comedy of Country Manners. By John Luther Long. Illustrations by C. D. Williams. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

"Sefly" is a man's name. Sephenijah P. Baumgartner, Jr., was his full name, but even that knowledge does not always help the reader to differentiate between him and Sally, his sweetheart, especially as the name appears over the picture of a woman on the paper wrapper of the book. The story is slight but fairly interesting. The delicate lavender tracery borders on each page do not seem particularly appropriate for a tale in which tragedy is prominent.

Lynde—The Quickening. By Francis Lynde. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

Novels that begin with the hero's or heroine's childhood run the risk of boring the reader. The first chapters of "The Quickening" conduct Thomas Jefferson Gordon from the day of his "conversion", at the age of twelve, to that of his return from "Tech" to save his father's business from conscienceless promoters. The real interest of the narrative begins after these preliminary stages are passed. Mr. Lynde gives us what is presumably a faithful picture of the new South, and many of his characters are well drawn; but the novel as a whole is not convincing. There was no good reason why Tom should have undergone so much suspicion for another's fault. But if novelists had to be reasonable, what would become of the "best sellers"? Mr. Lynde is no worse offender on this head than many another.

McCall—The Breath of the Gods. By Sidney McCall. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

The scene of "Sidney McCall's" second novel is laid partly in Washington, partly in Japan, and the latter portion is the better. The story is of an American diplomat and his family stationed in Japan, after political life in this country. The characters are American, Japanese, and French. The customs of Japan and the peculiar ethical point of view, almost incomprehensible to the occidental mind, are portrayed by a man to whom they are perfectly familiar. The sacrifice of the young Japanese wife at the end seems fantastic to any but an oriental, yet the spirit of the east is thereby expressed. The dual personality of "the author" is artistically concealed, so that it is well-nigh impossible to say (from the construction) who wrote what part.

McCutcheon—Cowardice Court. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead. \$1.25.

By all the ingenious devices of padding and ornamentation known to the printing craft, the publishers have managed to make what is really a longish short story into a novelette for separate publication. There is a pleasing

vein of sentiment in it, and it is accompanied by some pretty colored pictures.

Michelson—A Yellow Journalist. By Miriam Michelson. Appleton. \$1.50.

Never was a book more appropriately named. Yellow journalism with all its vulgarity, slang, and slipshod slapdash, simply reeks—there is no other word—in these pages. It must be admitted that Miss Michelson is possessed of a very vivacious and snappy style, that may make her work entertaining to those who can stand yellow journalism unexcused by daily news.

Mighels—Chatwit, the Man-Talk Bird. By Philip Verrill Mighels. Harper. \$1.50.

Rather different from the ordinary animal story, patterned after the style of Mr. Thompson-Seton, is this tale of a magpie whose knowledge of human speech involves him in many complications with his fellow-beasts. Several of the incidents are amusing and original.

Parry—The Scarlet Empire. By David M. Parry. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

A model Social Democracy many leagues under the sea is depicted in this tale of unusual adventures. An American finds his way into this commonwealth, and soon has his cherished notions as to the delights of socialism disabused by seeing it put into practice. Eventually he makes his escape with a beautiful Atlantian with whom he has fallen in love and rejoices greatly to find himself once more in the country once so despised by him.

Potter—The Genius. By Margaret Potter. Harpers. \$1.50.

A much better piece of fiction than Miss Potter's latest previous book, but not free from neurotic tendencies. The public is informed that it is the first of a trilogy dealing with Russian life. The hero is obviously a perverted study of Tchaikovsky. The false impressions of the personality of the great Russian composer are hardly justifiable, and the entirely untrue picture of Anton Rubinstein is one to arouse indignation in persons who cherish deep admiration for the services performed by him to the cause of music in Russia. This is the best written and the sanest of any of Miss Potter's books. It is impossible, however, to approve such liberties as she has taken with the lives of men so lately dead. In the case of Tchaikovsky, or Ivan Gregoriev, as he is called in the novel, the personal details are entirely different from the real ones; with Rubinstein it is the characteristics which have been distorted.

Powell—The Prisoner of Ornith Farm. By Frances Powell. Scribner. \$1.50.

In the days of Mrs. Radcliffe and of Horace Walpole's Gothic castles such a story as this might have seemed plausible. But Miss Powell makes too severe a demand upon our credulity in asking us to believe that the extraordinary events she narrates could hap-

pen on the banks of the Hudson River. Her story is melodrama of the baldest sort. Doubtless it would greatly impress audiences at the "ten, twenty, and thirty" theatres.

Ray—Hearts and Creeds. By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

Miss Ray is less successful as a whole in fiction for adults than in her admirable stories for young people. This is by no means as good as "The Dominant Strain" although the author is obviously familiar with her *milieu*. The plot is based upon the marked separation between the French and English races in Quebec, as in other Canadian cities. The chief fault to be found with the novel is that it is too "talky." The characters are not always logically developed and the heroine is too unpleasant to arouse the interest of the reader, while her French husband seems a tame and unexciting person. For once, Miss Ray's usual brisk fashion of telling a story has apparently deserted her.

Saltus—The Perfume of Eros. By Edgar Saltus Wessell. \$1.25.

A highly unnecessary story, containing not so very much, after all, of the scent to which the title alludes. The book's superficial smartnesses fail to conceal its lack of serious intention.

Seawell—The Château of Montplaisir. By Molly Eliot Seawell. Appleton. \$1.25.

This trivial tale is quite unworthy of the author of "Children of Destiny." It revolves about the adventures of a young Frenchman of noble family who inherits a dilapidated château and an old Frenchman who fancies himself a member of that family and proposes to adopt the other and repair the dilapidation. With the advent of a very lively old lady and her niece various complications ensue. These cannot be truthfully described as particularly amusing. However, they will occupy an idle hour.

Sienkiewicz—On the Field of Glory. An historical novel of the time of King John Sobieski by Henry Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish original by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

Somebody has wisely remarked that if Russian names could be anglicized, the pleasure of reading Russian novels would be intensified fifty per cent. What is an Anglo-Saxon reader to do, for example, with Mateush, Marek, Lukash, and Yan, the Bukoyemski brothers, who are as impossible to differentiate for the average reader as two sets of Siamese twins? Even Turgenieff and Tolstoy, the most interesting of Russian writers, get on one's nerves at times because of the superfluity of nominal prefixes and suffixes, which have little meaning to English-speaking readers. It requires a strong individuality in a novel nowadays to attach itself permanently to a given name.

In this translation from Sienkiewicz, Mr Curtin uses the Polish original, and the result is highly satisfactory. The English is idiomatic, yet the atmosphere is distinctly foreign. The story itself is in the usual manner of Sienkiewicz, a vivid narrative of events, with a trifle of psychology as a by-product; objective and discursive as contrasted with Turgenieff (the master), subjective and succinct. The picture of Pan Gideon's party speeding over the snow, pursued by wolves, and protected by the four brothers with the unrememberable names, is not soon forgotten. It is like a Schreyer painting. Incidentally Mr Curtin's dedication to Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy (a name almost Russian in its combination of consonants), "President of the Canadian Pacific Railroad," with its mention of his fondness for books, appears somewhat forced in its explanation, unless it has an underlying motive.

Silberrad—Curayl. By Una L. Silberrad. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50.

Although several of the characters in this novel are not wholly convincing, it is one so much above the average in literary merit and interest that one is not inclined to condemn this defect too unsparingly. The worst fault lies in the excess of brutality—as far as artistic effect is concerned—with which the unspeakable Sir William Goyt and the equally detestable Delmer are endowed. Beatrice Curayl's sorrows strike the reader as rather sordid on this account. After all both of these men should have been gentlemen; and they behave with a vulgarity which would be discreditable to a navvy.

Strang—Brown of Moukden. By Herbert Strang. Putnam. \$1.50.

Already this popular writer for boys has written one story of the Russo-Japanese War, but in this he gives another brisk tale based upon the recent contest. While "Kobo" had for its hero a Japanese boy, the latest story shows the contest from the Russian side. Mr Strang has a permanent place in juvenile affection and he deserves it because he knows how to put plenty of "ginger" into a story without infusing adventitious excitement into the plot and thus making the book unwholesome.

Thruston—Called to the Field. By Lucy Meacham Thruston. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

Unlike many writers of war-time stories Miss Thruston knows the South thoroughly and can picture the scenes without effort. So this little story of a young wife in the Civil War possesses an attractiveness which could hardly be expected in a tale new neither in plot nor theme. The charm of the home life of the brave little woman, her husband, and her father, lends the book a distinctly pleasing atmosphere.

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